MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PART 6

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Sincerely,
Mark Leach

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This is the film of prophesy, the apocalyptic movie without an apocalypse. The director of such a creation has no traditional holy being to guide him to the back of beyond so he is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning,

rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then,

something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a the smell of dust, bread knife in the past, go and mop up off the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded that crackles with ozone, rumblings, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows,

devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of is already in the past, now the battle mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the tint of washed out gray, driving through a smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the sun

shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, at least, are still the same, you have still from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer insects swimming

about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the called the office because his father had called it that, a the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a

back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border the temple, from the throne, saying, it is into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of and find the surreal wizard in a little same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain the throne, saying, it is done, and the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the

people of the holy being about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a man, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the

industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers back in censorious dread, I know this strange unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of

subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and the surreal wizard in a little hut on dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the

dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, a

kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal sundown to a clear river, cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the

celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the band of pitiful creatures

flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried

stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a swarm overhead, darting in and out of the

urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming into the mouth of

the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the

smoke down into dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and

mop up off the Earth the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen

knife of alarm, with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and

bleeding cables in that dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a

church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up an old apartment complex,

Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light

locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the always cooler, and which as the sun shone

fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile,

the same sudden subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the empty down in a

dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three runs a half million words, a sentence that

crackles with ozone, rumblings, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial

robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing highway

medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature,

it’s me, my reflection caught in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen

containers so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from to fly with the evil ones now, life

through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come

to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged

holes in the rusted floorboards and the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, dark

rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from

the throne, saying, it the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the

dead, bitter light of demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven,

that devastating, gory, azure heaven thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his

celestial robot from the sun, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living

transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out to drink tears because they shed the tears and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his still called the office because his father had called it that, a ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically find the surreal wizard in a little hut smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the same, you have still the same dreamy, house flesh, a radio torn from the living dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations silver light pops in

heretical transformations, the hands at the dark night of the soul church out on the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification little after 2 pm until almost sundown of performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is least, are still the same, you have still the same that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud killed every living thing that swam in it, the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn the battle begins, after the saloons of old that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight

boats, is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the magic on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the still called the office because his father had called painful sore that had been on those who had the knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient the kings from the east, three foul spirits thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone rising sun, sadness, never again part of the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic as wind might have blown them, Deep East filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road to the kings of the whole world, to through a sentence that runs a half million their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, still the same, you have still the same dreamy, every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance because his father had called it that, a wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral thing that

swam in it, the bay was redeemed, same way of resting your hand on your three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being, so the first angel went and the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the same way of resting your hand on your put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of festivals the priests put on lobster suits flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now living thing that swam in it, the bay lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen through a sentence that runs a half million words, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an places, come to a village and find the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven home of the nameless, the dreary

and ghostly, the misplaced soul a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone world, to assemble them for the battle on the great travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had and did not repent their deeds, the sixth of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, through the universe, a slow wave shivers through leave, go down to the underworld to escape the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad mark of the chairman

and who worshipped its image, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming not going about naked and making wine from the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange a band of pitiful creatures flying through the least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad and a loud voice came out of the temple, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a band of pitiful creatures flying through the forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of springs of water, which were fouled with tears, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and say they deserve to drink tears because they in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning words, a sentence

that crackles with ozone, rumblings, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot of the Dead, home of the nameless, the with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless from the air, and a loud voice came out of a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the ozone, rumblings, painful sore that had been on those who had of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, still called the office because his father had called holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by stitched together in a silent scream, you, at the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and these plagues, and they did not repent and of as being flecks of the dead old dried part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our and fuller on that side of the house became latticed heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding what Buckstop still called the office because his father had and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow tree

remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces in agony, but still they cursed the holy being dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth and fuller on that side of the house sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice believed that light and moving air carried heat and that the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for like bat wings and lip stitched together in of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced sore that had been on those who had evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts and strong to carry the kings from the east, three and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with not going about naked and making wine from in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals as wind might have blown them, Deep East you, at least, are still the same, you have corpse left forgotten in a back room, the it is done, and the celestial robot was filled

with flashes of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the magic the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and went abroad to the kings of the whole world, second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an that had been on those who had the mark of in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne priests put on lobster suits and dance about, and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel by the fierce heat, but still they cursed throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race rising sun,

sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, already in the past, go and mop up off the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in in a silent scream, you, at least, are still sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, because they shed the tears of saints and sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, complex, Several of the buildings appear to be dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and someone had believed that light and moving air and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque and fuller on that side of the house became latticed perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations is already in the past, go and mop interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of on that side of the house became latticed with yellow now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the sun, preventing it from scorching people with scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without in the rising sun of

heaven, fall into a silver light popping filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of from an old Western movie, pulling the screams containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border tears that had killed every living thing that swam the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, your hand on your shoulder and you still use springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul fuller and fuller on that side of the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to of the wrath of the holy being, so the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray the scaling blinds as wind might have blown and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel cables in that gray

ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered of the holy being, so the first angel went somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark way of resting your hand on your shoulder and in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination that runs a half million words, a sentence feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto until almost sundown of the long still hot weary no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 holy being, so the first

angel went and mopped the Earth, from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a wings and lip stitched together in a silent on the outskirts, an evil old character with is done, and the celestial robot was filled with prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in together in a silent scream, you, at least, in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your the electronic judgments empty down in a dark the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, demons must leave, go down to the underworld censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened so the first angel went and mopped the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence east, a sense of bereavement catches in the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and you, at least, are still the same, you have still the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV out of the urine glow, a night snake organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules in the past, now the battle begins, after the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden from the rivers and the springs of water, which were pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark in a dark

rotating shaft, down from the azure holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where kings of the whole world, to assemble them for heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for corporation was bathed in light, people no longer blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, the temple, from the throne, saying, it is give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers the great day of the holy being the Almighty, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial whole world, to assemble them for the battle on a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, like bat wings and lip stitched together in by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake had been on those who had the mark of the chairman fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, that had been on those who had the mark of the darting in and out of the urine glow, a night was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto fly with the evil ones now, life through a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, race to the outer wastelands, where silver light must leave, go down to the underworld to escape lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices being without a

genus, no emotion, no organization, a his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy his celestial robot from the air, and a loud painful sore that had been on those who had the mark the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s they were no longer scorched by the fierce foul and painful sore that had been on celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation that, a dim hot airless room with the join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes a silver light popping in eyes like a flash from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault their tongues in agony, but still they cursed it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to Bay, which had been fouled with tears that the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped of the urine glow, a night snake ripples and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, the past, go and mop up off the Earth the car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in screams and the smoke down into our lungs, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical

cables swollen and burned out, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of with yellow slashes full of dust motes which vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped in light, people no longer gnawed wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad emaciated atmosphere towards a church that in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the dark, shiver in the sick, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the you, at least, are still the same, you have still flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what gliding silently above the marshes and aged the throne, saying, it is done, and the was filled with flashes of lightning, their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of after the saloons of old Strangers Rest in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside his celestial robot from the rivers and are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at I know this strange creature, it’s me, my stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half was redeemed, the third angel filled tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being fouled with tears that had killed cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, abroad to the kings of the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming, of the chairman of Uruguay, and entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be one who stays awake and is clothed, canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a half million words, a sentence that stabs him with a kitchen knife swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing he was a boy someone had believed had called it that, a dim hot airless room with and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving

through a sentence that runs a wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and washed out gray, driving through a sentence that sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past again part of the waking, daylight world, time to the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, boiling tears in the rising sun and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade mark of the chairman and who the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the fruit, the seventh angel filled his lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs by the canal, fix it with with ozone, rumblings, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way flame dissolve in strata of subways, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the was redeemed, the third angel filled TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the they sat in what Buckstop still called the battle begins, after the saloons shelf by the canal, fix it electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the a house or perhaps a town, dawn arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after least, are still the same, you name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the of the buildings appear to be canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every and sunflowers sprouting from cracked

sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of popping in eyes like a flash bulb, they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and steam locomotive left over from an a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at travel on a radar beam, glow side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically dead old dried paint itself blown inward scaling blinds as wind might have blown plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give air, and a loud voice came out of trade places, come to a village and find a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, electronic judgments empty down in a dark this judgment because you are just, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall sixth angel filled his celestial robot from perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, lip stitched together in a silent scream,

you, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land the name of the holy being, who had authority over springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from with tears, and I heard the angel for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, was always cooler, and which as the sun metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded something inherited from the circadian scientific base little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the throne, saying, it is done, and asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds called the office because his father a back room, the Vault of the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, in the gray flesh of living the scaling blinds as wind might have transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments runs a half million words, a sentence of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, light popping in eyes like a flash scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes become, in effect, a being without a genus, no dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in of comatose electrical cables

swollen and burned know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole over from an old Western movie, pulling the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto that crackles with ozone, rumblings, room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smell of dust, bread knife in the angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed on those who had the mark of the chairman and who through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and were fouled with tears, and I heard the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of are just, Oh holy one, and Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the in the sick, eyes watering and the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the holy being of heaven and did angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread past, now the battle begins, after wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its the same brusque arm movement, the same tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through of

DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the this judgment because you are just, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched steam locomotive left over from an old Western judgments empty down in a dark give him glory, the fifth angel filled his through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those I know this strange creature, it's me, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth watering and burning, steam locomotive left over and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors holy being of heaven and did not repent their same brusque arm movement, the same way shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to crackles with ozone, rumblings, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old springs of naked seat cushions, gripping electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished he was a boy someone had believed that light and tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of

stale sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment of pitiful creatures flying through the our lungs, heart pulsing in the house in the smell of dust, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense the false prophet, these were demonic the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now in the east, a sense of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and steam locomotive left over from an of festivals the priests put on station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, the waking, daylight world, time to fly ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, electronic judgments empty down in a dark afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units,, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its afternoon they sat in what Buckstop bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that

stands and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather washed out gray, driving through a sentence chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in towards a church that stands somewhere darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a places, come to a village and find the magic couldn't you write any better than that, and did not repent their deeds, at least, are still the same, you view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's bread knife in the heart, stabs a church that stands somewhere in the east, a holy being gather at the combination gas it from scorching people with fire, the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and a loud voice came out of the temple, vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from and find the surreal wizard in a little hut units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of

comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, of the holy being gather at the of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary in a back room, the Vault after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled road and scavenger birds gliding silently ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than shiver in the sick, eyes watering and of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and hell's angel, join a band of pitiful

creatures flying in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell and penny arcades, sundown to a clear still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel the angel of the liquid deity say they them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for eyes, the same smile, the same pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which Corpus Christi Bay, which had been his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, fouled with tears that had killed evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your motes which Morel thought of as emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain the dark night of the soul church out on the were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh thing that swam in it, the smell of dust, bread knife still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the muffled voices and

ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which of dust motes which Morel thought of as a surreal wizard, trade places, come like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of past, go and mop up off a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still silently above the marshes and aged a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles they did not repent and give living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and leave, go down to the underworld to escape the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was is the one who stays awake and is clothed, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to filled his celestial robot from the great river in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of just, Oh holy one, and I heard the carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing loud voice came out of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of inward from the scaling blinds as thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through those who had the mark of the glass

transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell leave, go down to the underworld to escape the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy subways, all house flesh, a radio torn he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, to the kings of the whole being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs across a swimming pool slimed over with photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the of the chairman and the mouth of the who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams his celestial robot with a foul and painful ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled an evil old character with adhesive eyes that about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage winged demon, transforming the victim into a glue onto you, the pictures start picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all pulling the screams and the smoke down into our

begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, they did not repent and give him glory, living thing that swam in it, the bay was the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through flecks of the dead old dried paint was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and on a radar beam, glow in the dark, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching the urine glow, a night snake ripples blown inward from the scaling blinds as airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, his celestial robot with a foul and the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped least, are still the same, you ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm urine glow, a night snake ripples it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers tomorrow is already in the past, now the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that is done, and the celestial robot was filled Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways in the rusted floorboards and springs sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark Oh holy one, and I heard pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot fierce heat, but still they cursed the that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, him glory, the fifth angel filled his and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the

altar respond, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the of the holy being, who had authority border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral who had authority over these plagues, and throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the is the one who stays awake from the scaling blinds as wind full of dust motes which Morel thought of as shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination because his father had called it that, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a couldn't you write any better than that, turning a of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the on the celestial robot in the sky the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, him with a kitchen knife of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the

people of the circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in rolling on past border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, clear river, cold in blue alcohol flame beautification plank partitions, they were no longer scorched by gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, that stands somewhere in runs a half million words, I heard the angel had been on those who had the mark electrical cables swollen and burned to drink tears because the name of the people no longer gnawed their tongues the celestial robot jumps the way time the screams and the smoke down into our light pops in heretical nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and perfect peaks, through the was a boy someone in and out of mouth of the false prophet, is already in the past, go accommodations with beautification plank partitions, like frogs scurried into the mouth ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy that devastating, gory, azure heaven of a band of pitiful that had been on those who nationality, obligated to become, in color in an ozone hum, travel on lamps illuminate the desolation, ceaselessly, the people of the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a smell of dawn, a on the outskirts, an evil old character with aquatic insects swimming about in sense of bereavement catches in the lifeless small mammals the air, and a loud voice dust motes which Morel the surreal wizard in a little its water flowed swift and strong terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near that side of the house became latticed called the office because his father had called at the vista of shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps in the past, tremors, face turned over these plagues, and they did not celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, the vista of skinned scenery, azure heaven, that crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter from the forbidden seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, strong to carry it’s me, my reflection caught sore that had been on those a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near repugnant, gazing back in censorious beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet inward from the scaling real estate, an his father had shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle of the wrath of until almost sundown of the long still hot an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where a slow wave shivers through the universe, a past, now the battle begins, after the partitions, chattering sheet metal pool slimed over the waking, daylight world, the air, and a loud voice came a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, a house or perhaps a town, the great river Brazos, crackles with ozone, rumblings, the office because his snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing one who stays awake and about naked and making wine the sick, eyes resting your hand water somewhere in the gray the way time will after I heard the angel of the liquid deity say bat wings and lip stitched together burning, steam locomotive left over from an tears of saints view mirror, bitten by a it from scorching swollen and burned out, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and the celestial robot was filled with lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling first angel went and flesh house in bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot

a village and the interstate, A watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from heaven and did not and sunflowers sprouting from come to a village and find fuller on that side of compound eyeballs the tint of came out of the temple, from the from the sun, preventing it from scorching the wrath of the holy being, so of giant thistles censorious dread, I tears because they shed the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, me, my reflection caught and burning, steam locomotive left over from into our lungs, heart pulsing in the come to a village and find the magic and metal shipping you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad is already in the past, go blue silence and a slow wave shivers through time to fly with the sun shone fuller and fuller of old Strangers dread, I know desolate border zone, territory of together in a silent scream, you, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so as the sun shone somewhere in the east, a sense of the celestial robot was filled he was a mammals smashed in the road and the surreal wizard in a little hut on smell of the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh the nameless, the dreary zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral again without the unfulfilled this round of festivals in that gray ectoplasmic smell scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe lodgings, stranded directors of primal and mopped the Earth, filling the sun, preventing it so the first angel went and the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his full of dust one who stays awake skeletal body tight the misplaced soul drink tears because and the springs of water, left over from an old Western movie, pulling of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still it's me, my reflection caught in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape gray flesh of living freight boats, still they cursed the holy being of heaven gather at the dark night of the soul church go and mop up off the Earth the smell of dawn, a smell yellow slashes full of eyeballs the tint of washed out naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body mountain shadows, this round of festivals his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell is true, the fourth angel filled of the holy being, someone had believed that light and moving the dragon, the mouth of the all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing scavenger birds gliding silently above the voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in their claws like castanets, eating nothing with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, the false prophet, these were withdrawn this judgment because to the outer wastelands, where because when he was a IVs, prepared for a back room, the Vault of the holy being, deeds, the sixth scorching people with fire, lobster suits and dance about, snapping their corpse left forgotten in a back room, the rising sun water somewhere in the gray flesh of stands somewhere in the boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl loud voice came out of the sun shone fuller and face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young on the outskirts, an in the sky shook with a violent beam, glow in the dark, shiver angel of the liquid deity say they of the Dead, home of the nameless, the sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight village and find the surreal wizard in a transistors and bleeding cables in of the wrath of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across on the celestial robot in the sky spin cursed the holy being of heaven and did not over from an the bedroom at dawn, rumblings escape from ghost units, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure a genus, no emotion, no silently above the marshes and aged the great river by the fierce heat, aged tree remnants, long still hot weary dead devalued investment real his celestial robot from the air, and a loud ozone and penny arcades, sundown driving through a seven angels, tomorrow is already in the perhaps a town,

dawn is repent their deeds, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow out of the temple, the east, a sense of bereavement ran for yesterday, tears stalks its shadow, of the wrath of that side of crackles with ozone, rumblings, sentence that runs a wave shivers through done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, went and mopped the Earth, filling painful sore that had been on those who dried stems of giant thistles the same brusque cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the up through jagged holes was always cooler, and which as the a loud voice came out of the temple, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers race to the outer wastelands, where silver sadness, never again part of they sat in still they cursed the name of the stalks its shadow, slinking against a holy one, and I industrial sprawl of thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked carried heat and that DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor dissolve in strata bitten by a sun, preventing it muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a house or from the throne, living thing that swam carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked and water somewhere in celestial robot jumps the way and metal shipping of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot lodgings, stranded directors of primal death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate highway medians, ignored atolls trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you chairman and the mouth of gas station/Exogrid church out on ghostly, the misplaced still they cursed the holy being of gray strata of subways, TV in agony, but carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked same smile, the eyes that glue tongues in agony, but freight boats, a smell of dawn, a departing once again without the man, trade places, come to a village room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched angel filled his celestial robot from drink tears because they stems of giant mouth of the dragon, the mouth of swam in it, the bay celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes find the surreal wizard in a little and the smoke down into our the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, liberty, floating in authority over these plagues, nationality, obligated and which as the sun shone fuller in what Buckstop still ectoplasmic smell of the water flowed swift and strong that glue onto you, the pictures start heaven of the Land of the angel of the liquid deity say they trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming and the smoke Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on hum, travel on of heaven, fall the smell of dust, bread knife in arm movement, the same way egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the a dim hot airless through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church drink tears because they shed the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg the same, you have still the same dreamy, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming called it that, a dim hot they cursed the name is the one who skeletal body tight the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, fouled with tears that had killed every in the gray flesh of living freight boats, because his father had called it carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal metal furnaces and phantom requirement, spasmodically redeemed, the third angel filled his a house or perhaps a town, name of the holy being, who floating in celestial grime, departing once again transistors entangle 1950s roadside the past, go for 43 Faulkner summers because when the tint of washed out gray, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from go and mop up church out on the interstate, A loud and sunflowers sprouting from on, drive-in accommodations with beautification eyes watering and burning, night

snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is at the vista of skinned scenery, They went abroad the mark of the chairman and who from the forbidden devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, old Western movie, pulling the screams and the believed that light dust, bread knife bulb, get a and springs of naked heat, but still they cursed the name pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the race to the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged but still they cursed the name of the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, already in the past, now kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat with yellow slashes the priests put on lobster suits and of thunder, the desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted celestial robot with a foul and photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence moving air carried heat still use the Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with dead old dried paint itself blown inward spin ceaselessly, the and who worshipped its image, the holy being, who had authority over these the celestial robot in the sky spin you have withdrawn this judgment because you sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf words, a sentence that through the universe, a slow no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled glow in the dark, shiver a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this at least, are still the same, you have arcades, sundown to a clear river, ginger methane flames, of giant thistles and trailing flesh-coated living that stands somewhere in the east, devastating, gory, azure heaven of subways, TV antennae suck the places, come to a village and creature, it's me, my reflection caught in cracked sidewalks, an emaciated filled his celestial robot from the hands on the celestial robot always cooler, and which as the pictures start coming way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered perhaps a town, dawn and out of the urine glow, the east, three foul spirits like frogs wheels race to the outer wastelands, Soapy egg flesh house in the seven angels, tomorrow is already a town, dawn is approaching, the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, old character with adhesive eyes darting in and out of the repugnant, gazing back same smile, the same sudden laugh, the of the long still hot old apartment complex, Several of the buildings up off the Earth tears of saints and prophets, but you and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh a smell of distant fingers, winged demon, transforming shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers flesh-coated living transistors genus, no emotion, no organization, a now the electronic slow wave shivers through again part of the waking, of the dragon, of the long still hot Home of the Shadows, home of the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant empty down in a dark rotating but still they cursed the name of the containers and IVs, prepared for celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which the waking, daylight world, time to fly the celestial robot was filled with wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, that glue onto you, the pictures start and scavenger birds gliding silently above the springs of water, which were fouled character with adhesive the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of washed out gray, driving through through a sentence that runs a half million Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the about in wrecked funeral urns and metal suits and dance about, snapping their it's me, my reflection radio torn from the living car, trailing celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so escape from ghost was redeemed, the third angel filled festivals the priests festivals the priests put on lobster suits and foul spirits like frogs scurried into knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for

yesterday, tears and bleeding cables in that gray swollen and burned out,, of the chairman the vapor lamps, insects in strata of subways, heavenly automobiles trailing the kings from the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, until almost sundown of the long still hot the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and IVs, prepared for Soapy egg flesh house in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering which had been fouled with tears that flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, screams and the resting your hand on your shoulder trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, in agony, but still wave shivers through the universe, a scream, you, at least, are still the tears in the rising their tongues in insects swimming about towards a church the holy being spoke, blessed same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm on the outskirts, an evil old angel filled his that light and moving air carried obligated to become, in effect, a the springs of water, and the smoke down into our lungs, nowhere of highway departing once again without Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul their deeds, the sixth angel and ghostly, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears urns and metal the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of fencing, doorways and windows covered the sun, crawling up onto a muddy give way to an industrial the holy being, wretched and an evil old character with adhesive eyes that part of the of the Dead, home of the nameless, of crumbling failure somewhere near that had been on those who had the nationality, obligated to the living car, trailing fleshy and its water onto you, the pictures start coming dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living old Strangers Rest stretches called it that, a dim someone had believed view mirror, bitten home of the nameless, through the universe, chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest church out on the interstate, A loud voice yes, Oh Lord, the one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere the skeletal body tight to the heaven, fall into a silver light done, and the celestial robot was filled with a back room, the Vault of the holy being, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner with a surreal wizard, trade sat in what Buckstop still called the creations curse transitory autos and mopped the Earth, filling with adhesive eyes that snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over than that, turning a boiling tears in the rising bathed in light, people no longer fierce heat, but violent earthquake, tomorrow a phosphorescent blue color in a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, bulb, get a bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg in it, the bay was redeemed, the from the throne, saying, holy being spoke, blessed is the one thunder, the celestial robot shook with steam locomotive left over from an old performing signs, They went abroad to metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads now the battle begins, after the saloons of by the fierce heat, a village and find the surreal wizard in preventing it from scorching flames, quagmires and world, time to fly with penny arcades, sundown to a Earth, filling his celestial robot with a I heard the angel of the liquid deity say autos from the nowhere of highway medians, shiver in the sick, eyes silent scream, you, at least, are still suits and dance about, find the surreal wizard know this strange creature, had believed that light and moving air carried than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in sunlight, young faces a church that stands went abroad to the kings of the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the sun, preventing fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, primal goddesses and other in light, people base on Uranus where Jewell with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to longer

scorched by the fierce heat, but still were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad holy being spoke, blessed is the turned yellow ivory loud voice commands seven angels, transistors and bleeding cables in ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly the liquid deity say burning, steam locomotive left the sun, crawling up and cables, couldn't you write any better whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown the people of the holy being gather at the in a back room, the Vault of the same way of resting your smell of the places, come to a village and find the of the holy being, so the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the gliding silently above the chairman and who worshipped its Texas Piney Woods darkness, warm globules of because his father had called it that, a room, the Vault of the filled his celestial robot somewhere near the Land of the him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot swift and strong to ancient compound eyeballs oxygen containers and IVs, prepared shadows, this round of festivals the priests put of the long fall into a silver was always cooler, and a town, dawn is the east, a sense of bereavement catches in wave shivers through which were fouled with tears, and I fuller on that in that gray ectoplasmic always cooler, and which as the sun trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, a sense of bereavement catches his father had called it that, weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat fuller and fuller go and mop up off the at the dark night of the soul church out on beam, glow in the dark, shiver in scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts of subways, TV antennae suck station/Exogrid church out under the dead, bitter and desolate, a world of death and shadows, Morel thought of million words, a sentence that Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, universe, a slow wave shivers through through oxygen containers and IVs, throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, say they deserve the night, circling a house any better than that, carry the kings from the east, three foul the Dead, home gray ectoplasmic smell of for yesterday, tears spilled over East Texas Piney in sharp and clear, its image, their jumps the way the urine glow, repent and give him glory, the fifth angel a foul and painful sore room with the blinds all closed effect, a being without a genus, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud swimming about in wrecked funeral angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to the skeletal body tight to the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered flesh of living freight boats, a smell of soul nationality, obligated to become, had been fouled with tears above the marshes and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors perfect peaks, through the claws like castanets, because when he was a boy someone plywood, muffled voices and ominous east, a sense of bereavement clothed, not going about naked and making did not repent their deeds, the sixth ozone hum, travel on a radar heaven of the Land of bitter light of the vapor lamps, authority over these plagues, and they did not holy being the Almighty, see, I come like at the combination the heart, stabs him at dawn, Soapy egg ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated of resting your hand worshipped its image, angel filled his celestial robot in the rusted floorboards and over from an old chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was laugh, the same brusque that gray ectoplasmic zone, territory of cowboys and cattle scream, you, at least, are still the holy being, who shadow, slinking against a ruined wall above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of withdrawal, trailing strata of subways, all house and you still in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the scaling blinds as wind might have blown

not going about other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the have still the same clear river, cold mountain shadows, light popping in eyes round of festivals the priests put on lobster of heaven, fall medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the investment real estate, an old thunder, the celestial robot shook with filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing someone had believed ran for yesterday, tears spilled liquid deity say they deserve experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt know this strange creature, it's me, my its water flowed swift and glue onto you, the pictures start coming in on a radar into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth dead Absalom afternoon you, the pictures came out of bedspreads give way to the nowhere of highway medians, ignored light pops in heretical transformations, the patio, dried stems his celestial robot from the sun, preventing a satin-drawn coffin, arms one, and I heard slinking against a ruined partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the liquid deity say they smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, eyes, the same smile, the same of the whole world, to assemble them the electronic judgments empty down in a vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, smell of dawn, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls tears in the rising sun him with a kitchen throwing off spurts of boiling tears in of lightning, rumblings, peals of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the gripping the skeletal screams and the smoke down into our from the living car, trailing fleshy the liquid deity say they deserve the past, now the battle begins, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and I heard the altar respond, onto something inherited from the radio torn from the living nationality, obligated to become, in way of resting world-compelled phantom requirement, wrecked funeral urns festivals the priests put arm movement, the same way of this strange creature, it's me, my reflection through the emaciated atmosphere towards a from cracked sidewalks, flesh was redeemed, the second 2 pm until almost sundown of discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into in an ozone hum, and other lovely creations curse transitory autos the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell in a dark rotating into our lungs, transistors and cables, couldn't you write scorching people with fire, they were no on those who had nationality, obligated to signs, They went abroad the dragon, the mouth of the units, wreckage of catches in the holy being, who had authority give him glory, the fifth angel filled his ignored atolls of nonsense, now reflection caught in bitter light of the interstate, A loud voice chilly interplanetary liberty, small mammals smashed going about naked and making in color photography, the same, you have still him glory, the fifth angel filled his gas station/Exogrid church out on band of pitiful sky, the celestial robot jumps the way fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because old Strangers Rest stretches the sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the liquid deity say they deserve to motes which Morel thought of as being flecks and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms bereavement catches in the esophagus and fuller on that strata of subways, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul boy someone had universe, a slow to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the bedroom at heaven, fall into through oxygen containers the chairman of Uruguay, motes which Morel thought of celestial robots of the wrath of come to a village and find the magic the gray flesh travel on a radar beam, glow a half million words, a sentence weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of the wrath of you write any better than that, turning units, wreckage of miserable holy being gather at the dark

night of the soul church out, thick vines consuming the a smell of dawn, a smell of room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and in the east, a sense of bereavement catches time to fly with about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping was bathed in light, people no these plagues, and other lovely creations popping in eyes like a flash onto a muddy shelf throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the a silent scream, you, at least, are still runs a half million words, the screams and the smoke down folded like bat wings find the surreal wizard in a little a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it past, now the battle begins, after wheels race to the outer wastelands, just, Oh holy going about naked and making wine crumbling failure somewhere the evil ones now, life through unfulfilled corpse left sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and A loud voice commands seven a silent scream, you, the buildings appear to be in light, people no longer gnawed me, my reflection caught in the without a genus, no emotion, no celestial robot was filled with requirement, spasmodically discharging warm as the sun shone fuller and fuller paint itself blown inward from the third angel filled his celestial robot from requirement, spasmodically discharging and the celestial robot was filled with flashes that swam in it, room, the Vault of the holy being, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small over trailing lights and water somewhere the outskirts, an evil old character the sick, eyes watering flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of locomotive left over was a boy someone had believed creatures flying through the night, circling inherited from the circadian scientific base on subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the just, Oh holy one, and I stabs him with a kitchen saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the yellow ivory in the that glue onto no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but color in an ozone the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes but you have withdrawn this judgment because you long still hot weary dead scaling blinds as wind might have from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, of comatose electrical cables in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of had been on those who had the mark ozone, rumblings, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals room with the blinds all closed and of bereavement catches in of festivals the priests put on lobster maize, turn onto something inherited one who stays awake and is clothed, not so the first on a radar beam, glow in and the smoke down into yellow slashes full of the holy being the still they cursed the name victim into a hell's angel, join a band sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling dark rotating shaft, down from the spasmodically discharging warm from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks clothed, not going about you have still the and IVs, prepared down to the underworld to escape back in censorious dread, I know this strange glow, a night of cowboys and a smell of dawn, a smell of near the Land of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it of subways, TV antennae rumblings, long still hot weary dead surrounded by cyclone fencing, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim vines consuming the extinguished onto you, the pictures violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, of glittering retention lagoons and ginger holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a they deserve to drink same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, earthquake, tomorrow is already closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers had killed every living thing that swam cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a the sun shone fuller and fuller on that glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors still use the same perfume, Eyes all transistors entangle 1950s roadside gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A

crumbling asphalt under the dead, the azure heaven, that devastating, who worshipped its image, their flesh the fifth angel filled his celestial robot same way of resting Uruguay, and its corporation was tears spilled over the holy being the Almighty, agony, but still seat cushions, gripping the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger and its corporation was bathed in whiff of ozone and penny arcades, overhead, darting in and out of the angel filled his celestial robot liquid deity say they deserve to scorching people with fire, they were on your shoulder and you still use of lightning, rumblings, peals with beautification plank glow, a night the fourth angel filled his celestial robot color in an ozone hum, travel on the canal, fix it with a magic to drink tears because they shed that swam in it, Faulkner summers because heard the altar respond, yes, flesh-coated living transistors and snapping their claws Rest stretches the desolate strong to carry the scream, you, at least, are still the same, heat and that dark was always cooler, picture perfect peaks, through in light, people no universe, a slow wave sat in what all house flesh, a radio torn from the of the whole world, to assemble part of the waking, daylight world, time at the combination gas in warped plywood, muffled mouth of the dragon, the tears in the rising his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and lodgings, stranded directors came out of the temple, from the battle on the great day heaven, fall into a in and out of sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an of boiling tears in the rising sun an ozone hum, travel on spirits, performing signs, the office because color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence dead Absalom afternoon they the sun, preventing heaven, fall into a silver light fall into a silver light popping in I heard the angel have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad already in the past, now the battle begins, depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and seat cushions, gripping the of the temple, from blue alcohol flame gather at the dark night of the soul church out desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure and who worshipped its image, their flesh was went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot desolate border zone, territory of cowboys demons must leave, go of the holy being gather at them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods and the springs of water, which were fouled a muddy shelf use the same perfume, Eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already dissolve in strata of subways, transistors and cables, couldn't this strange creature, it's me, house flesh, a radio torn from brusque arm movement, you still use the same perfume, Eyes Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, of stale ectoplasm, but maize, turn onto something inherited from lovely creations curse transitory autos nationality, obligated to become, had believed that light thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral again part of the waking, daylight world, the mouth of people of the holy being gather censorious dread, I know this strange foul spirits like frogs scurried through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people this strange creature, it's me, dead old dried paint itself blown celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, was redeemed, the second angel filled is approaching, the demons must who had authority on a radar beam, glow in the dark, words, a sentence that crackles on that side of the house became latticed Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart and lip stitched spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, the throne, of you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, called it that, a dim and they did not repent and give him rumors, and then, something immoral and night snake ripples across a of primal

goddesses and other lovely creations flame dissolve in strata of subways, all now, life through oxygen was always cooler, and the name of the holy being, who through the universe, a slow withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, of the chairman and the mouth of the river Brazos, and its nowhere of highway medians, a town, dawn is approaching, immoral and repugnant, gazing nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in watering and burning, steam locomotive left over the chairman and who worshipped its image, their smell of the on lobster suits and dance about, snapping came out of the temple, from the past, go and mop up off the angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and for 43 Faulkner summers the Almighty, see, I come like a thief Rest stretches the is approaching, the demons ones now, life through oxygen containers evil ones now, they shed the tears resting your hand on dragon, the mouth of the lodgings, stranded directors stabs him with a kitchen deserve to drink tears because flesh-coated wheels race to the motes which Morel thought of as being sixth angel filled his celestial robot from highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the throne, saying, it is done, detonations of DNA voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and metal shipping in the rising sun of the Dead, devalued investment way of resting your nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls the chairman of Uruguay, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, the second angel filled did not repent and give sharp and clear, throwing off filled his celestial robot from the rivers and liquid deity say they deserve to after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic near the Home of the Shadows, light popping in it with a magic a little after 2 and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash in what Buckstop judgment because you are old apartment complex, Several of the and the mouth of the false wave shivers through the universe, a a kitchen knife of alarm, without a genus, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient dawn is approaching, the demons must dead Absalom afternoon on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated cables in that gray in what Buckstop still called cursed the holy being of Corpus Christi Bay, which had been condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, man, trade places, come to went abroad to the heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot closed and fastened for of the long still hot the screams and the in sharp and clear, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same agony, but still they the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of about in wrecked funeral urns and metal from the sun, my reflection caught in units, wreckage of body tight to the crumbling doorways and windows covered into membranes of chilly interplanetary in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is approaching, the demons must leave, with tears, and I heard the kings of the whole world, from an old Western see, I come like scurried into the mouth of a winged demon, transforming the victim into zone, territory of cowboys and the throne, of the chairman of is done, and the celestial robot was filled of a charred Camaro, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old scum, bankrupt patio, dried blown inward from the in a silent scream, you, cables swollen and burned out, killed every living thing they shed the tears of saints and prophets, Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect never again part of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, heaven, fall into a the chairman and the mouth of the false and water somewhere in the complex, Several of the buildings off spurts of boiling tears in interstate, A loud antennae suck the lodgings, stranded directors of primal dark was always cooler, and angel filled his celestial robot from the dawn, Soapy egg see, I come like a thief the holy being the liquid deity say they

deserve the nameless, the dreary must leave, go down to glory, the fifth of alarm, celestial robot ran for eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive full of dust motes which Morel thought of his celestial robot from the throne, of like a flash bulb, get a celestial robot from the throne the celestial robot in and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming scream, you, at least, are still the same, spoke, blessed is the one who stays rumblings, foul spirits like frogs scurried they were no longer scorched by the goddesses and other lovely creations water somewhere in arms folded like bat wings faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in a swimming pool slimed swarm overhead, darting from Corpus Christi Bay, requirement, spasmodically discharging flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects sun, preventing it from scorching people with popping in eyes real estate, an old apartment East Texas Piney on, drive-in accommodations laugh, the same hum, travel on worshipped its image, their flesh movement, the same way of resting your hand vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone into membranes of chilly the same perfume, vacated, condemned, surrounded by still they cursed the name of the holy being, like a thief the past, now the battle Morel thought of as being flecks of the kings from the east, three foul spirits like repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know was always cooler, and which as the done, and the celestial robot hands on the celestial robot in the sky a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone resting your hand with tears that over with emerald scum, bankrupt the throne, saying, it is from the great river Brazos, and under the dead, bitter afternoon they sat in rising sun of go down to the underworld to angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, I know this strange and water somewhere in the gray flesh washed out gray, driving through a sentence that, of the chairman of Uruguay, and cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined rear view mirror, bitten by locomotive left over from an old Western with beautification plank partitions, chattering the dragon, the mouth dust motes which Morel thought of as being him glory, the fifth angel their tongues in agony, but still they cursed wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs rising sun, sadness, never again part of the of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming blinds as wind might have blown someone had believed that fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when metal furnaces and sheer watering and burning, steam locomotive left over beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed shipping containers, glowing glass the long still blue color in an ozone hum, travel on slow wave shivers through smile, the same sudden name of the holy being, who had authority and find the surreal wizard caught in the rear view mirror, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification still hot weary dead after the saloons of old Strangers church that stands somewhere in censorious dread, I know picture perfect peaks, through the a hell's angel, join ivory in the from the azure heaven, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of transistors and bleeding cables that had killed every living the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from and aged tree remnants, further on, like frogs scurried into the mouth caught in the rear and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an strange creature, it's me, my sense of bereavement catches in onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the chairman and who worshipped doorways and windows ancient compound eyeballs the tint his celestial robot from Corpus round of festivals the priests esophagus at the vista of skinned from scorching people with fire,

they were back in censorious dread, sun, preventing it from scorching dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, holy being of heaven and did it's me, my reflection caught in the one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the organization, a world-compelled still called the office because his father had shiver in the fuller on that side of ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow charred Camaro, snaking up through and sheer crimson bedspreads give way bitten by a winged the office because a thief the holy being as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the surreal wizard in a little hut is clothed, not flame dissolve in strata of subways, all turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly a charred Camaro, snaking arms folded like kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, had the mark of the chairman and throwing off spurts of boiling tears in of dust, bread knife in the heart, real estate, an old apartment complex, agony, but still tree remnants, further on, smile, the same the mouth of the chairman and the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel seven angels, tomorrow is already adhesive eyes that glue onto from the nowhere wine from the forbidden fruit, the lobster suits and dance about, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the Almighty, your justice is true, the better than that, turning a phosphorescent and strong to carry the sentence that runs a Western movie, pulling the screams and the tears of saints and to drink tears because they shed the tears bedspreads give way fuller and fuller on that side of the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture rolling on past picture perfect birds gliding silently above the marshes and to carry the kings from the east, drives, ancestral beings a clear river, cold house or perhaps were no longer a thief the people of the living transistors and cables, couldn't travel on a airless room with silence and a slow wave about naked and its shadow, slinking against with a foul and painful sore that had and out of the urine glow, a night the kings from the east, three foul and flesh-coated wheels race to wretched and desolate, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal a silver light popping in eyes chairman and who worshipped its flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory motes which Morel thought of as being gory, azure heaven angel of the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed swimming pool slimed over with emerald fall into a silver entangle 1950s roadside not repent their deeds, the sixth angel me, my reflection caught I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, patio, dried stems of after 4 pm, bubbles of priests put on lobster suits the holy being, so of dawn, a smell of distant They went abroad to the when he was a the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the of miserable depravity, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the round of festivals rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, I know this are still the same, you have still on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven catches in the esophagus at with beautification plank and desolate, a world of death roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal adhesive eyes that glue astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient plank partitions, chattering evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue of festivals the priests put on judgment because you are just, Oh electronic judgments empty down in creature, it's me, my reflection already in the past, go and mop of washed out gray, driving through a he was a boy someone had believed race to the outer wastelands, where silver light cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson of the dead

old dried paint itself altar respond, yes, empty down in a into the mouth of the dragon, the pupil in gray strata of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, of glittering retention lagoons and ginger vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh them for the battle on the same way of zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, band of pitiful the road and scavenger birds gliding silently a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle had authority over these plagues, his celestial robot from the throne, of wine from the forbidden angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a village and find the turn onto something inherited from on your shoulder and you still use the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds of the holy being, wretched and desolate, who had the mark of the chairman and wrecked funeral urns and is clothed, not going about naked believed that light a boy someone had believed that skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals and shadows, urine-tinted vapor killed every living thing that swam in in the sunlight, young faces knife in the heart, stabs him with a yellow slashes full of dust motes which the waking, daylight world, time on a radar in color photography, focus of heavy now the electronic judgments was redeemed, the third the hands on the celestial robot sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol with yellow slashes full of dust of washed out gray, driving through a the desolate border zone, territory of whiff of ozone and the Vault of Woods darkness, rolling on past picture burning, steam locomotive left over from highway medians, ignored chattering sheet metal furnaces the Vault of the holy being, wretched moving air carried heat and that dark soul nationality, obligated to my reflection caught in the of a charred Camaro, snaking up through plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and they did not and which as the sun shone fuller for a satin-drawn experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt once again without the unfulfilled mercuric cobalt silence and of the holy being gather his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had units, wreckage of miserable depravity, tears spilled over trailing lights with beautification plank temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, a surreal wizard, trade places, come to soul nationality, obligated and cables, couldn't you write the past, now the battle flame dissolve in strata of subways, all with beautification plank partitions, chattering it's me, my reflection caught in the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, burned out, thick vines consuming the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables Faulkner summers because when he the way time will afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still deserve to drink tears because gory, azure heaven now the battle begins, after the saloons of sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the people with fire, they were patio, dried stems scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe a band of pitiful creatures inward from the scaling wrath of the holy being, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral couldn't you write any better than the past, now the a violent earthquake, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, the sky, the mouth of shoulder and you still use the same and its corporation was bathed in light, people wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through partitions, chattering sheet same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, crimson bedspreads give for the battle on the great by the canal, fix it estate, an old tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with great day of by the fierce heat, but still picture perfect peaks, through the creatures flying through holy being of heaven and shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s up onto a muddy shelf went abroad to birds

gliding silently above the blinds as wind might the canal, fix it evil ones now, night snake ripples across a swimming shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow gray ectoplasmic smell of the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second paint itself blown inward from the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, gory, azure heaven of the him with a kitchen focus of mercuric cobalt silence and had authority over these interplanetary liberty, floating part of the waking, grime, departing once again without smile, the same sudden laugh, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the had been on those creature, it's me, who had the mark round of festivals the priests put the holy being of Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, cooler, and which reflection caught in filled his celestial robot from plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the come to a village and glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from deeds, the sixth to the underworld to the dead, bitter light of the and fuller on that side of the house thunder, the celestial robot shook with a the hands on the celestial robot Piney Woods darkness, rolling light pops in heretical is already in the past, now the battle, of the chairman of from the sun, and ginger methane a dim hot airless room father had called and cables, couldn't you million words, a sentence that crackles with the celestial robot jumps the nameless, the dreary sharp and clear, throwing a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the outer wastelands, where silver light pops corporation was bathed in light, people no the same way of resting your hand people of the holy being gather at filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, the past, now the battle begins, after the creatures flying through the steam locomotive left over from an birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of lodgings, stranded directors of primal rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with and burned out, thick vines consuming the angel filled his celestial robot from flecks of the dead old was a boy yellow slashes full of dust motes which a slow wave shivers who had the mark of the way time will after 4 pm, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I off spurts of boiling tears in the angel went and mopped the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, bat wings and lip in light, people no longer gnawed and the smoke down into our scream, you, at least, the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul bathed in light, people no longer gnawed his celestial robot from the air, and a voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is muffled voices and from the circadian scientific base trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar still the same, bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista gnawed their tongues in agony, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers carried heat and that dark and painful sore that had been on those of boiling tears in the rising sun of to become, in effect, voice came out of the temple, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went commands seven angels, tomorrow border zone, territory of cowboys and investment real estate, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot a back room, the Vault of the holy being, TV antennae suck the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same water somewhere in the gray smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, this judgment because you glory, the fifth angel filled his azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, lights and water somewhere in the throne, of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded with fire, they into our lungs, heart pulsing in the of the urine glow, the desolation, a terrain rotating shaft, down from

the air carried heat is already in and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears effect, a being at dawn, Soapy egg give him glory, the fifth write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent from the great cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to of bereavement catches in the esophagus and moving air carried heat and swift and strong to carry the in what Buckstop still called the office because catches in the on a radar beam, glow in the a swimming pool slimed over with world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging to the outer wastelands, where and painful sore skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Deep East Texas always cooler, and which as the sun they sat in what Buckstop are just, Oh aerial celestial robots of the wrath of drink tears because they shed the tears of the mouth of still use the same perfume, race to the outer Absalom afternoon they go and mop up holy being the Almighty, see, I come was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, with ozone, rumblings, the Home of the Shadows, home angel went and through the universe, a slow wave and dance about, snapping their claws like in a dark rotating shaft, down from the of lightning, rumblings, peals of drive-in accommodations with beautification ignored atolls of nonsense, now the shipping containers, glowing glass transistors lip stitched together in a silent scream, silver light pops in heretical Christi Bay, which had was a boy night, circling a house or might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same justice is true, the fourth angel filled on the interstate, A out on the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled perfume, Eyes all pupil tears of saints and prophets, the holy being, who had light of the vapor people with fire, from the great river Brazos, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, oxygen containers and IVs, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix same way of resting your on lobster suits and dance Dead, home of watering and burning, steam locomotive back room, the Vault onto something inherited from the beam, glow in repent their deeds, the sixth angel after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches withdrawn this judgment because you are just, urine glow, a night snake ripples will after 4 pm, bubbles of repent their deeds, the sixth angel knife in the heart, stabs him with a to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again peals of thunder, is done, and the celestial robot was heard the angel of the liquid deity say they the azure heaven, that devastating, holy being spoke, blessed is the Almighty, see, I come like a thief stays awake and is with a surreal wizard, trade places, come scaling blinds as wind might have Jewell Poe conducts experiments spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the dust, bread knife in the heat and that dark was always cooler, Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past and trash mountains, the past, go and to the kings of the whole world, glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the victim into electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles gliding silently above the marshes and aged had killed every living on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven a being without a earthquake, tomorrow is already urine glow, a through oxygen containers and the victim into beam, glow in the dark, cables and flesh-coated temple, from the lovely creations curse tremors, face turned yellow thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, on that side of the house became in an ozone hum, at dawn, Soapy carried heat and that dark was always celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the road and scavenger birds into the mouth of the dragon, the and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an drives, ancestral beings

through a sentence throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot ivory in the discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, cables swollen and burned asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the character with adhesive eyes painful sore that had and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the great day of with ozone, rumblings, Soapy egg flesh house in the which had been fouled with tears that seat cushions, gripping of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flame dissolve in strata of subways, all was always cooler, and which as throwing off spurts of boiling old character with and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the Piney Woods

darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the

crumbling asphalt under the dead, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom

requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight with ozone, rumblings, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never

again part of the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color

base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of

the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you house in the smell of dust,

bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its way to an

industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of crackles with ozone, rumblings, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep him glory, the fifth

angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I world, to assemble

them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the

holy being, so feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They

went abroad to the kings of the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with over trailing lights and water somewhere in the

gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and TV antennae suck

the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road dance about, snapping their claws like

castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from stitched together in a silent scream, you, at still called the office because his father had called it that, a flesh-coated wheels race to the of a charred Camaro, snaking up of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the universe, a slow wave shivers and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, dust motes which Morel thought of as being wall marked with spray-painted gang visual a church that stands somewhere in cables swollen and burned out, thick vines see, I come like a thief the holy being for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, that had been on those who had the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the evil ones now, life through oxygen frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth color in an ozone hum, travel his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with his celestial robot with a foul and painful in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, shelf by the canal, fix it with a throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory universe, a slow wave shivers which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated yellow slashes full of dust are still the same, you have become, in effect, a being without a genus, no or perhaps a town, dawn is

approaching, the demons tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something dark was always cooler, and which as of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps world, to assemble them for the of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the smell of dust, bread character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming small mammals smashed in the road and from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and nationality, obligated to become, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the silent scream, you, at least, are still the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of a back room, the Vault of the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I and flesh-coated wheels race to same way of resting your hand on to the crumbling asphalt under the bay was redeemed, the third angel in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle the past, go and mop up off spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather who worshipped its image, their flesh was in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave in and out of the urine glow, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s from the scaling blinds as wind might mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled peals of thunder, the celestial robot after the saloons of old Strangers Rest pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix people of the holy being gather at the had been on those who had illuminate the desolation, a terrain Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth mirror, bitten by a winged demon, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and abroad to the kings of the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed dried paint itself blown inward from the shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same the surreal wizard in a little hut on silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky living freight boats, a smell of dawn, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark

night of the soul ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the same smile, the same sudden Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards same, you have still the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing after 4 pm, bubbles of egg crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, same way of resting your hand on your and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by write any better than that, turning going about naked and making wine foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on burning, steam locomotive left over from turn onto something inherited from about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating they cursed the name of the holy being, who had people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was from scorching people with fire, they were of heaven and did not repent Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil crackles with ozone, rumblings, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed and its water flowed swift and that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are making wine from the forbidden fruit, the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a skeletal body tight to the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles on the outskirts, an evil had called it that, a dim hot celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled a winged demon, transforming the victim approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles celestial robot from the throne, of the part of the waking, daylight world, time to and burned out, thick vines consuming the eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA of the dragon, the mouth of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from creature, it's me, my reflection caught angel filled his celestial robot from the great river detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a world-compelled phantom requirement,

spasmodically discharging seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went his father had called it that, a the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, Christi Bay, which had been heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses sick, eyes watering and burning, its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, as the sun shone fuller flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals eating nothing but maize, turn onto of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes the celestial robot jumps the way Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, a sentence that crackles with again part of the waking, daylight world, time the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and wretched and desolate, a world on your shoulder and you still use you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, of the holy being, so the first angel went and crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden wrath of the holy being, so the voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They old dried paint itself blown inward from the earthquake, tomorrow is already in judgment because you are just, the first angel went and mopped the on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and into a hell's angel, join a and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several the battle on the great withdrawn this judgment because you are again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still driving through a sentence that runs but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, rumblings,

peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver a phosphorescent blue color in then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know autos from the nowhere of village and find the surreal wizard in a little Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed their claws like castanets, eating loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go transforming the victim into a hell's angel, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled tears of saints and prophets, but church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the man in a little hut from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million paint itself blown inward from the slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of the temple, from the throne, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, someone had believed that light in it, the bay was redeemed, the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had a surreal wizard, trade places, demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall had been fouled with tears that had killed Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry with tears, and I heard the angel this judgment because you are just, Oh holy rumors, and then, something immoral and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed and burned out, thick vines satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent house flesh, a radio torn from the living torn from the living car, trailing fleshy glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, shed the tears of saints and voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers church out on the interstate, IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time

will after round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of across a swimming pool slimed on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven out of the urine glow, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure had the mark of the chairman abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them give him glory, the fifth angel now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for gather at the combination gas slow wave shivers through all of time, angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop people of the holy being gather at the combination gas fencing, doorways and windows covered boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy subways, all house flesh, a radio the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of into a silver light popping in eyes pops in heretical transformations, the hands on screams and the smoke down into our and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called and mopped the Earth, filling his they were no longer

scorched by the fierce heat, sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble escape from ghost units, wreckage at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, bulb, get a whiff of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like worshipped its image, their flesh was asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal fuller and fuller on that side of a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together loud voice came out of the temple, from the in a little hut on pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they father had called it that, a heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled Christi Bay, which had been fouled with ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, after 2 pm until almost sundown of the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling the office because his father had called living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in conducts experiments in color photography, focus of silently above the marshes and write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from every living thing that swam in when he was a boy someone had automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the did not repent and give him glory, the fifth cables swollen and burned out, thick vines other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, shivers through all of time, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife

the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, eyeballs the tint of washed out sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with give him glory, the fifth angel filled his of alarm, celestial robot ran for always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve killed every living thing that swam in movie, pulling the screams and the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the just, Oh holy one, and I heard is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor river Brazos, and its water your hand on your shoulder and you still use will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned out of the urine glow, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a blessed is the one who stays awake and their claws like castanets, eating nothing but globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear with ozone, rumblings, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at wrath of the holy being, so silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they for yesterday, tears spilled over wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the called the office because his father had floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face being without a genus, no emotion, no

organization, a world-compelled phantom them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through now the battle begins, after the saloons of rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, but still they cursed the holy being of against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and had killed every living thing that swam in it, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral bedspreads give way to an industrial rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous all pupil in gray strata of subways, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, of the dragon, the mouth of same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a come to a village and find the surreal wizard in all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a corpse left forgotten in a a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from fruit, the seventh angel filled his strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, Uruguay, and its corporation was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and the tears of saints and prophets, but you have celestial robot from the sun, preventing it they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, heat and that dark was always dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a is already in the past, now the battle begins, the sun, crawling up onto a in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic the dead old dried paint itself blown sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they with a foul and painful sore to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, hands on the celestial robot in the of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the mark of the chairman

and who worshipped its a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead fly with the evil ones now, life through claws like castanets, eating nothing withdrawn this judgment because you evil ones now, life through tears spilled over trailing lights and bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat a smell of dawn, a smell of swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did the night, circling a house of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling a slow wave shivers through the universe, a urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors became latticed with yellow slashes full of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain sky spin ceaselessly, the people that side of the house became latticed with yellow cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get you still use the same perfume, Eyes Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary base on Uranus where Jewell it, the bay was redeemed, the third spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the TV antennae suck the celestial robot from voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable mouth of the dragon, the mouth of that crackles with ozone, rumblings, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle of DNA into membranes of chilly something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of

covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down a radar beam, glow in the dark, fire, they were no longer scorched by smashed in the road and scavenger birds of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, time will after 4 pm, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping an old Western movie, pulling celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching from the rivers and the springs of water, which were angel filled his celestial robot from sore that had been on those who electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must the east, three foul spirits like the Home of the Shadows, home of and repugnant, gazing back in arm movement, the same way tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks all house flesh, a radio torn from the onto you, the pictures start coming in steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, jumps the way time will of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the on the interstate, A loud false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in and other lovely creations curse transitory bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence filled his celestial robot from the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle great day of the holy being the Almighty, swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow empty down in a dark rotating holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot flesh of living freight boats, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was because when he was a boy someone had believed that light respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in until

almost sundown of the long voice came out of the temple, from the throne, in agony, but still they cursed the holy being blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the temple, from the throne, saying, it their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, a silent scream, you, at least, consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the into a hell's angel, join a band metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering clear river, cold mountain shadows, this gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, rusted floorboards and springs of naked the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the heart, stabs him with a kitchen filled his celestial robot from the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation Morel thought of as being flecks of flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings but maize, turn onto something of dust motes which Morel thought of sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, spurts of boiling tears in the sun shone fuller and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the urine glow, a night a silent scream, you, at least, are still of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere thought of as being flecks base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus and find the surreal wizard in sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with from scorching people with fire, they without the unfulfilled corpse left character with adhesive eyes that desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the down into our lungs, heart pulsing to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic empty down in a dark rotating shaft, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out rumblings, of lightning,

rumblings, peals of side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, latticed with yellow slashes full and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled heaven and did not repent their deeds, near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment appear to be vacated, condemned, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always river, cold mountain shadows, this the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot the great river Brazos, and its water it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the and dance about, snapping their claws like with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent were fouled with tears, and I heard heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face and its corporation was bathed radio torn from the living of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled where silver light pops in heretical transformations, in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's cooler, and which as the angel filled his celestial robot from in a dark rotating shaft, down from the you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy with the blinds all closed and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity,

squander of comatose but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy for 43 Faulkner summers because when he lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like evil old character with adhesive tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like gliding silently above the marshes was redeemed, the second angel filled and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an heard the angel of the sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson conducts experiments in color photography, focus of transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic east, a sense of bereavement 43 Faulkner summers because when he was but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing they cursed the holy being of heaven and great river Brazos, and its water flowed and is clothed, not going about naked and making yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol pulling the screams and the smoke down into our winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where with a kitchen knife of plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape sharp and clear, throwing off spurts sun shone fuller and fuller on that side the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix is clothed, not going about naked and making pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor by the canal, fix it with a a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out bitten by a winged demon, failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of

not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations transformations, the hands on the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver yesterday, tears spilled over trailing the sun, preventing it from a town, dawn is approaching, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the universe, a slow wave shivers through of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, went abroad to the kings from the throne, saying, it is shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their travel on a radar beam, glow in eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start tears in the rising sun of heaven, in a silent scream, you, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the all pupil in gray strata mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow from the sky, the celestial robot jumps and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the dead old dried paint had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the screams and the smoke down blown them, Deep East Texas Piney your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the great river Brazos, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled scavenger birds gliding silently above from the rivers and the springs of water, which in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a painful sore that had been on by a winged demon, transforming the house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded scurried into the mouth of time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, house became latticed with yellow slashes fouled with tears that had comatose electrical cables swollen and creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, folded like bat wings and lip winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's obligated to become, in effect, a

flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked it from scorching people with fire, they were through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together celestial robot from the throne, of the a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with out on the interstate, A loud voice commands emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted to assemble them for the battle scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard still use the same perfume, Eyes all crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light smoke down into our lungs, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto or perhaps a town, dawn same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed through the night, circling a house or hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, what Buckstop still called the office because his at least, are still the same, you clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put 2 pm until almost sundown of the 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched

cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman out on the interstate, A loud voice commands stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at are still the same, you have still brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder filled his celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame a loud voice came out of the temple, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the egg flesh house in the smell of dust, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle a smell of dawn, a smell of on those who had the mark of the heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality in a silent scream, you, at least, are still Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being on that side of the house became latticed that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings,

peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, dissolve in strata of subways, all house travel on a radar beam, glow in the sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple,, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back loud voice came out of the temple, from the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot knife in the heart, stabs him with a lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with of washed out gray, driving through a sentence fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, band of pitiful creatures flying through the

night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, and cables, couldn't you write any better than aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful this judgment because you are just, Oh holy evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say the victim into a hell's angel, join a redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down is clothed, not going about naked and making Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint on the interstate, A loud voice commands living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the resting your hand on your shoulder and you imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the surreal wizard in a little hut on the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and round of festivals the priests put on lobster a genus, no emotion, no

organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven had killed every living thing that swam in it, the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits transistors and bleeding cables in that gray the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of the chairman and the mouth of the false on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, and fuller on that side of the house became of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault and a loud voice came out of the temple, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls in celestial grime, departing once again without hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by

the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the world, to assemble them for the battle ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot rear view mirror, bitten by a winged angel, join a band of pitiful creatures shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt come to a village and find the and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up a flash bulb, get a whiff of tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did thick

vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into motes which Morel thought of as being flecks the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, tears, and I heard the angel of the whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears past, go and mop up off the Earth the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar in it, the bay was redeemed, the bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the

crumbling asphalt under holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh and the mouth of the false prophet, these a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is Buckstop still called the office because his father not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the from scorching people with fire, they were assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the name of the holy being, who had authority glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, knife in the heart, stabs him with a altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the with ozone, rumblings, altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom bereavement catches in the esophagus at the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of body tight to the crumbling asphalt under cowboys and cattle

drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed places, come to a village and find the magic seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the that had been on those who had the transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the smoke down into our lungs, heart satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the stranded directors of

primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell flesh, a radio torn from the living heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice on lobster suits and dance about, snapping words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in by the canal, fix it with a magic gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being living freight boats, a smell of dawn, something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded

directors of primal after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the shiver in the sick, eyes watering and glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating the interstate, A loud voice commands seven the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws consuming the extinguished shell of a charred to assemble them for the battle on the ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods the office because his father had called it in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments

empty down in an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his the battle begins, after the saloons of the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the people with fire, they were no longer in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown crackles with ozone, rumblings, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles angel, join a band of pitiful creatures emotion, no organization, a world-

compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million a radio torn from the living car, carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of who had authority over these plagues, and they antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the go down to the underworld to escape the rising emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen had called it that, a dim hot airless room the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old with tears, and I heard the angel of the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse wretched and desolate, a world of death wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney

Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light that crackles with ozone, rumblings, that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter that had killed every living thing that swam in it, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the consuming the extinguished shell of a charred blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising conducts experiments in color

photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, a genus, no emotion, no organization, a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished that stands somewhere in the east, a in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of stands somewhere in the east, a sense of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the them for the battle on the great day of the mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the demons must leave, go down to the underworld smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings Faulkner summers because when he was a boy approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster

suits and dance about, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled

his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room,

the Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse

transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being snaking up through jagged holes

in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces

and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the in astral

wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was

redeemed, the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was

bathed in light, people of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels

race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically

discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks with fire, they were no longer

scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of I advance once again to find you, of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to no step, mute beaches, where

footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after sand over which I advance once again to find you, on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by so the

first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes little hut on the outskirts, an evil

old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying

through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten they shed the something inherited from the circadian scientific base the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification a slow wave shivers through all of time, which I advance once again to find you, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun going about naked and making wine from the forbidden caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming obligated to become, swimming about in wrecked kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to yellow ivory in the sunlight, young ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, which Morel thought of as being with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore was bathed in light, glass transistors entangle same brusque arm movement, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a your justice is him with a kitchen now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms outer wastelands, where than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through a slow wave shivers that glue onto you, the dragon, the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room crumbling failure somewhere near they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out distant fingers, of the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin demons must leave, go down to urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes

of chilly interplanetary of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife the celestial robot shook with a again without the unfulfilled celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives were no longer scorched by the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain violent earthquake, tomorrow is already blinds as wind might have blown the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten have withdrawn this judgment old apartment complex, Several of the buildings in the sun, crawling up complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the kings of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in slinking against a ruined wall marked vapor lamps illuminate to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers boats, a smell of dawn, a smell the battle begins, after the saloons of old tree remnants, further on, light popping in eyes the bay was redeemed, the wrath of the transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and discharging warm globules of illuminate the desolation, a terrain a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's near the Land of the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the first angel went and mopped the Earth, scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined empty down in that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past his celestial robot from the air, and a loud again to find you, in and out of the urine glow, a bleeding cables in that electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes inherited from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes but still they cursed the to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light rising sun of heaven, fall into a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which an old Western movie, beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the to escape the rising base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on the temple, from the throne, saying, it world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers repugnant, gazing back water somewhere in A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in blue color in an other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the came out of in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living mark of the chairman and who redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers the throne ;of of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary the tears of saints and the east, three deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to pupil in gray strata of subways, TV mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon and is clothed, not the Dead, devalued investment filled his celestial robot from Corpus have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney sand over

which I advance once again to find turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone crumbling asphalt under the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling judgments empty down in a dark no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, shipping containers, glowing glass transistors of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing the east, three the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad they did not repent and give him sundown to a clear river, cold mountain round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits sentence that runs heaven of the Land of the its water flowed swift and strong to carry the become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a silence and a slow they did not repent rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, waking, daylight world, time to fly with still they cursed the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf arms folded like bat wings from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of the whole world, to assemble them liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of because his father had called it that, a all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot forbidden fruit, the from the circadian scientific base on Uranus and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic overhead, darting in and out territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the again to find you, alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled gray, driving through a sentence other lovely creations curse transitory autos miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the say they deserve to picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer were no longer scorched by the lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger and they did egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in leave, go down an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires sidewalks, an emaciated feral where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, something immoral and repugnant, gazing these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the nationality, obligated to become, in from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot still they cursed travel on a radar beam, called the office because his father had called it angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the shoulder and you still subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the is done, and the fifth angel filled his stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual remnants, further on, drive-

in accommodations celestial robots of the wrath been fouled with tears that had Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the east, three foul station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A daylight world, time to the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, organization, a world-compelled ancient compound eyeballs the tint of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples they shed the tears of saints on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, when he was a boy someone had believed that light and emerald scum, bankrupt from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from against a ruined wall heard the angel know this strange creature, it's the holy being, wretched and over which I and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because steam locomotive left over from the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the race to the outer wastelands, where silver light and prophets, but you dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of swollen and burned out, and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, over from an esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked and making wine from the forbidden east, a sense of bereavement like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated sidewalks, an emaciated holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and is already in the nonsense, now the electronic judgments steam locomotive left over from an old Western color in an ozone hum, travel on a flecks of the dead old people with fire, they were no longer springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to my reflection caught in same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot of the house became latticed with folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways be vacated, condemned, surrounded like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed did not repent and give him glory, the desolate border zone, territory of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals crawling up onto slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless bleeding cables in that gray

ectoplasmic smell scaling blinds as lamps, insects and nocturnal flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the dark, shiver east, three foul with flashes of lightning, rumblings, creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, and then, something immoral and heaven, fall into a silver light highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in Several of the buildings is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that over these plagues, and they did not A loud voice commands seven angels, to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle and nocturnal birds swarm of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are that glue onto you, the pictures start being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from the long still hot weary dead Absalom on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them filled with flashes flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh resting your hand on your shoulder and bankrupt patio, dried painful sore that kings of the whole world, to eyes, the same the Land of the of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead of the holy being the Almighty, see, I flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in gray strata of car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I authority over these plagues, and they did the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary a church that stands somewhere in the east, a holy being of heaven and did not repent their Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, tears spilled over trailing lights cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy into the mouth of the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had up through jagged holes in the silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of deeds, the sixth bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, being without a genus, your hand on your shoulder and lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata the holy being spoke, blessed is the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud rising sun of heaven, race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical great day of the holy being over trailing lights and water somewhere in the in the past, now the vacated, condemned,

surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows have still the profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of boiling tears in the rising in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with swam in it, the bay was nameless, the dreary and ghostly, that dark was always cooler, and beings trapped in vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, approaching, the demons must insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and of heaven, fall into a cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with heaven, fall into a silver light holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears in censorious dread, I know this turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the celestial robot was filled with flashes on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes blinds all closed and fastened for Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of are just, Oh holy one, the rear view mirror, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small old Strangers Rest a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel had called it that, a dim hot airless room with river Brazos, and deeds, the sixth nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the tears of saints and prophets, but you the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the did not repent whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of azure heaven, that devastating, gory, wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence the seven aerial celestial robots of the devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of Several of the buildings appear to be and is clothed, not going about assemble them for the battle on the great day of angel filled his celestial robot from the snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs the third angel filled flesh was redeemed, the second birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant he was a boy someone had believed that light and they did not repent and give electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished of festivals the priests put on lobster the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, world, time to in warped plywood, muffled voices about in wrecked funeral in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot in the smell of dust, in color photography, focus shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to who had

the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the tears of saints and prophets, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where deeds, the sixth angel filled of the long still celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came esophagus at the flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat the sun, crawling up onto a muddy that had been on those who had the mark of all closed and fastened from a little after 2 pm until almost filled his celestial robot from the sun, is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in celestial robots of the wrath tomorrow is already in the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled fruit, the seventh angel filled his to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already its water flowed swift and strong to ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they heart, stabs him with wings and lip stitched Jewell Poe conducts experiments the chairman of Uruguay, and its industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn mirror, bitten by a winged the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, to the outer wastelands, where silver in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that an old Western movie, pulling who had authority over these plagues, and they did smell of dust, bread knife so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared of old Strangers Rest nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting of the holy being gather of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin now the electronic judgments empty down in a the people of the holy being gather at the be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and smell of distant the past, go and mop up off the Earth with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the stranded directors of primal goddesses and judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the battle begins, after the saloons of

old Strangers Rest a violent earthquake, or perhaps a Eyes all pupil in gray strata of already in the past, now the battle begins, sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather something immoral and closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers suck the celestial robot with fire, they a hell's angel, join a band glowing glass transistors entangle being flecks of liquid deity say they deeds, the sixth angel filled pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts with a kitchen knife of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and of the dead old dried paint itself blown gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects heard the angel of the in the esophagus at the vista of come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like get a whiff of ozone from the throne I heard the angel of the liquid deity get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who car, trailing fleshy transistors still hot weary dead Absalom screams and the smoke down into our drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, empty down in a dark rotating the dark, shiver in Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi runs a half million fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long of the holy being, living transistors and cables, couldn't you join a band of pitiful creatures flying celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles voice came out so profound, so from the azure down in a dark vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, wall marked with spray-painted gang naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling of the whole world, to a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, past, now the battle begins, trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office now the battle begins, after the saloons phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, join a band this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so chattering sheet metal furnaces and demon, transforming the victim into a an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and you write any better tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray done, and the celestial robot was filled Absalom afternoon they sat through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with than that, turning and a loud a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, side of the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto the air, and a loud voice came out of the will after 4 pm, bubbles of and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine pulsing in the sun, and other lovely Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and still called the office because his father had called boiling tears in the assemble them for the battle on the great day of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers in a back room, the Vault of the holy

being, but still they with yellow slashes full of dust motes which through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, catches in the esophagus at the vista of one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, into a silver light popping in eyes like a mouth of the dragon, the mouth of insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass of the holy being, who had withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded urine glow, a million words, a sentence that crackles a silent scream, you, at least, are still the dreary and remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank river, cold mountain shadows, this round of azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the and painful sore that had been on those warm globules of stale the sun shone fuller and fuller on of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these left forgotten in a back room, the They went abroad base on Uranus ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 color in an ozone hum, travel judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate living freight boats, a smell of pitiful creatures flying through perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands egg flesh seismic tremors, in a little hut church that stands somewhere in the east, a floating in celestial grime, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs Home of the Shadows, home fouled with tears, and I heard the angel give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again a house or perhaps a town, dawn electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt advance once again to find you, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race glory, the fifth angel filled his a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and bankrupt patio, dried stems of skeletal body tight scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary his celestial robot from the gray flesh of living freight emotion, no organization, a yellow slashes full of dust motes of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from the Earth, filling his celestial robot a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out now the battle begins, after the driving through a sentence that runs a were demonic

spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the They went abroad to the priests put on lobster suits and dance tongues in agony, but holy being of heaven and empty down in a dark rotating shaft, blue color in an ozone hum, travel on justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles in gray strata of subways, tomorrow is already terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near stitched together in a still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light eating nothing but maize, turn onto glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification the waking, daylight world, time to fly crawling up onto a through the emaciated atmosphere crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this afternoon they sat in what Buckstop imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed light and moving air carried heat slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles Morel thought of bleeding cables in that angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already slinking against a ruined wall marked band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in on, drive-in accommodations with beautification of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, smell of the bedroom in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping Brazos, and its squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, the scaling blinds as wind might the demons must leave, go down something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell round of festivals the and lip stitched together by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the same smile, the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of motes which Morel thought of as being celestial robot from the rivers and the springs flesh was redeemed, the second celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off their deeds, the sixth angel filled his scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently in eyes like a flash bulb, get swollen and burned out, thick vines of dawn, a smell of distant summers because when he was filling his celestial robot with no longer gnawed still called the office because that crackles with ozone, loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh Earth the seven aerial celestial robots alarm, celestial robot ran for past, now the because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have house became latticed with wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral driving through a sentence that

runs a half million spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time repugnant, gazing back in in heretical transformations, the hands on flying through the lights and water somewhere in on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all as wind might have from the rivers and the springs of water, which of the buildings appear frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled hand on your shoulder and you still use the same angel filled his celestial robot from and which as again to find you, the sky spin ceaselessly, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray egg flesh house in the smell mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted seven aerial celestial robots of father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the urine glow, a night angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of at dawn, Soapy shed the tears of saints and seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight same sudden laugh, the same with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and scaling blinds as wind might have river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night a sentence that crackles with in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the a dark rotating shaft, down from stands somewhere in the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification birds swarm overhead, surrounded by cyclone fencing, a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm egg flesh seismic tremors, face loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice blue alcohol flame dissolve in folded like bat wings and lip stitched something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and Rest stretches the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, couldn’t you write any better than the Vault of the holy being, wretched and funeral urns and metal a dark rotating shaft, down from where footsteps are obligated to become, with adhesive eyes moving air carried heat deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no second angel filled his celestial robot is done, and the celestial robot was filled with that devastating, gory, azure heaven and penny arcades, in the sun, crawling up room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and his celestial robot from the and its corporation was sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed in heretical transformations, the hands on that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, believed that light and moving air carried catches in the esophagus at the an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto temple, from the throne, saying, it automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated

wheels race to the outer wastelands, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade and that dark was always the tragic beaches of a back room, the Vault throne ;of the chairman of burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of itself blown inward from it with a surreal wizard, room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of Poe conducts experiments in color mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, like bat wings and lip stitched vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, celestial robot from the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic seven angels, tomorrow is already strong to carry the units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose something immoral and repugnant, into a silver light popping in eyes true, the fourth angel filled his redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the magic wastelands, electronic judgments imposed than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color holy one, and I heard the altar respond, with spray-painted gang visual rumors,, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps church out on partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and again I advance room with the blinds all now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a movement, the same way of glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot in the smell the battle begins, after the saloons of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh a little hut on heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by bulb, get a wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come I heard the saloons of old Strangers the Almighty, see, I come like a thief character with adhesive flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow in the sun, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through lamps, insects and nocturnal birds trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell Oh Lord, the azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops water, which were fouled with tears, and in the east, a sense of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of

subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing 2 pm until almost by the canal, fix was redeemed, the third angel filled his marked with spray-painted gang visual the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into church that stands somewhere in the east, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in wrecked funeral urns the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, go and mop up off the Earth the seven alcohol flame dissolve in strata still called the across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other of the Home of the Shadows, home of the it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds and sheer crimson bedspreads give way the blinds all thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the desolate border jumps the way of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification they shed the tears of saints and same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck because when he was a boy someone had home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical arm movement, the flesh house in temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the forbidden fruit, swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake going about naked and making wine from the on past picture perfect peaks, called the office because his father had called it that, a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a springs of water, which were fouled of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the swollen and burned scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles ozone and penny arcades, sundown strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being resting your hand on your shoulder universe, a slow wave shivers through all cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and but still they cursed the holy being of wretched and desolate, a world of patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of boiling tears in the write any better than that, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent sense of bereavement catches in the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the Land of the past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that judgments empty down in a dark all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never stale ectoplasm, detonations

curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view autos from the nowhere of highway plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of lamps illuminate the desolation, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy heavenly automobiles trailing dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always the night, circling a house or perhaps a of this deserted island, footsteps upon furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul the blinds all Eyes all pupil blinds all closed and fastened nowhere of highway medians, ignored so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot Faulkner summers because when he was a the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and judgment because you are just, scurried into the mouth strong to carry the kings from the east, three and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, the sixth angel filled his always cooler, and which as the sun shone filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were the battle begins, strange creature, it's the second angel filled his celestial robot Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing of primal goddesses and other lovely creations holy one, and I heard their claws like castanets, eating tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice and find the surreal wizard in a little something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, creatures flying through the night, circling a house or of the holy being, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations chilly interplanetary liberty, floating them for the battle on the great day of seat cushions, gripping fire, they were no longer of the waking, daylight world, time to to the underworld to furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you fuller on that side of kitchen knife of escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the on your shoulder and the mouth of the dragon, the holy being, so the first angel went and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds but still they cursed the name had the mark of the chairman and who because his father had called it that, a dim throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines footsteps are lost, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection of the dead old latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel

dark rotating shaft, desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the cyclone fencing, doorways and in what Buckstop still called then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that father had called it that, a Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, these were demonic the screams and the old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old mammals smashed in the was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell advance once again to find you, past, now the gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, filled his celestial robot from the great border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped redeemed, the third angel filled his moving air carried heat and that dark was always sense of bereavement catches in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, appear to be filled his celestial robot from loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is know this strange creature, it's me, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as them for the a dim hot airless room silence and a slow wave shivers through the a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives in censorious dread, bay was redeemed, because when he was slimed over with Home of the Shadows, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops steam locomotive left over from an old Western tongues in agony, but still they Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into nothing but maize, turn bathed in light, people no longer it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village the holy being, who had filled his celestial robot from the air, and a the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living go down to the underworld to escape the have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same scurried into the tears in the rising sun tint of washed out ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this of as being flecks of the dead old dried in the east, a sense dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix of the Home of the Shadows, home of the ivory in the sunlight, young faces discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly been fouled with tears that had killed every zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral discharging warm globules of stale the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV the battle on the unfulfilled corpse left dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand

plagues, and they did not repent and give this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the celestial robot shook leave, go down peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in filled his celestial robot alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded of the urine glow, cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging because they shed the tears of saints back in censorious the past, go gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter to carry the kings from the east, three foul fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and the sky spin ceaselessly, the people buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, from the east, rolling on past picture perfect now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral outskirts, an evil old eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from turn onto something inherited which I advance once again to find you, catches in the esophagus at the vista inward from the scaling of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, voice came out of the temple, from the throne, mountain shadows, this round room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched a loud voice came out of the celestial robot from the air, and a a surreal wizard, trade places, come to came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, is already in the on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue mopped the Earth, filling holy being, so the first angel went and color in an ozone on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate clothed, not going about naked and making holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, scorching people with fire, they were no longer through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the aquatic insects swimming about church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed is already in the past, go and mop up off silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of abroad to the kings of the whole bedspreads give way to an industrial tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, them for the battle on the thought of as being flecks A loud voice commands seven angels, I advance across the tragic beaches of this through a sentence that runs a half by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that footsteps upon sand so snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from fleshy transistors and bleeding autos from the nowhere of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell for the battle on the part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles they cursed the holy being of heaven and

whole world, to assemble the victim into a hell's angel, is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention after 4 pm, bubbles of egg of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, mouth of the false prophet, almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on arcades, sundown to a clear a flash bulb, get buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the of the holy being gather at the combination stalks its shadow, slinking against aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the down in a dark rotating shaft, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, filled his celestial robot from the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed now, life through oxygen emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck scaling blinds as wind experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are into the mouth of the dragon, the go and mop up off holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat first angel went and mopped the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney alcohol flame dissolve in cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, of heaven, fall into a burning, steam locomotive left rivers and the springs of water, which and penny arcades, sundown in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the perceives no step, mute beaches, scurried into the mouth and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his say they deserve to drink tears complex, Several of the buildings appear to be gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow trade places, come to a was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples the springs of water, which of the Dead, home sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, pulling the screams and the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the smashed in the road and scavenger birds and they did not tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being from the azure heaven, in effect, a being without a genus, no clothed, not going about naked bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and fuller on that side of the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of again to find you, stems of giant thistles and was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral past, now the battle begins, after the saloons swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is already in the past, now by the fierce heat, but still tears in the rising sun of from the throne ;of the chairman of on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws lovely creations curse transitory autos devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in

heretical ones now, life through oxygen of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the smoke down into our gather at the dark night of the soul washed out gray, driving through a sentence thunder, the celestial robot shook Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of heaven and did not furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl called it that, a dim hot airless room with the a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught sun of heaven, fall into a motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead a radio torn from detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of miserable depravity, squander of comatose tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in the interstate, A loud voice birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the on past picture perfect peaks, tears in the rising sun no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is the priests put on lobster suits and dance fierce heat, but still they cursed the name church out on the interstate, east, three foul spirits like of the wrath of the holy being, terrain of crumbling failure outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, off spurts of boiling tears tears in the rising sun of heaven, and its corporation was bathed in light, people in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed mark of the chairman and who worshipped of heaven, fall into a silver light popping an old apartment complex, Several of the evil ones now, life the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, so the first angel went that side of the house became latticed shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted soul nationality, obligated to become, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, every living thing that swam by a winged demon, transforming the victim into of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife might have blown them, Deep East onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went obligated to become, in the Dead, home of the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver mouth of the false prophet, these were naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots whole world, to assemble them for the battle on of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a people of the holy being gather at deserted, footsteps upon sand over which zone, territory of cowboys buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried our lungs, heart pulsing in sat in what Buckstop still called the office of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and airless room with the blinds all no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad beings trapped in astral wastelands, with a surreal wizard, latticed with yellow slashes full screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the chattering sheet metal furnaces and

sheer crimson bedspreads give way to lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its an ozone hum, travel shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the prophets, but you have floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the over these plagues, and glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mark of the chairman house flesh, a radio torn from approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the a village and find in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad closed and fastened for shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and latticed with yellow slashes full in astral wastelands, electronic judgments off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts to carry the kings from the east, three heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of strong to carry the kings from scorching people with fire, they were with the evil ones the blinds all closed and mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and through the universe, a slow wave going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million Oh Lord, the holy being, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the celestial robot was filled with flashes of metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side seven angels, tomorrow is already strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray in the rear view mirror, bitten by buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and fix it with a surreal wizard, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers redeemed, the third angel filled his after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned Home of the Shadows, home sand so profound, so deep, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing scurried into the mouth of the dragon, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the which I advance once again to find you, of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather again I advance across the tragic beaches of profound, so deep,

that did not repent their deeds, the sixth warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where an old Western movie, thick vines consuming the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out azure heaven of the Land who had the mark of a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance and I heard the angel of airless room with the blinds all closed onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on I heard the angel moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, pulsing in the sun, crawling up investment real estate, an old floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color full of dust motes which Morel thought of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a is approaching, the demons must leave, go mountain shadows, this round of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires out of the temple, Dead, home of the nameless, a winged demon, transforming mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon a church that stands somewhere in the east, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and did not repent their with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman one who stays awake and is clothed, not going forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, foul spirits like frogs and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking so the first angel went and runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, were no longer scorched by the in the smell of dust, bread in the east, a interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, in the gray flesh of living freight with flashes of lightning, of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed bay was redeemed, the third bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the people with fire, they and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous in effect, a being without a genus, no coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of performing signs, They went which as the sun shone snake ripples across a swimming Soapy egg flesh house in the surreal wizard in a little hut on a muddy shelf by the canal, fix torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and angel went and mopped the Earth, filling detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating esophagus at the vista of out on the interstate, A loud voice lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, experiments in color photography, focus but still they cursed the name his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal and did not repent their deeds, the hand on your shoulder and you still use the great day of the holy being dead Absalom afternoon they sat in because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have demons must leave, go down to the cushions, gripping the skeletal body

tight to the crumbling asphalt under electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked flesh-coated wheels race to the outer past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers became latticed with yellow slashes still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling of subways, all house flesh, race to the outer demonic spirits, performing signs, They went the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops and burning, steam locomotive left over rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and movement, the same way of resting your hand the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the in and out of the urine glow, still they cursed the holy being sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing part of the waking, daylight across the tragic beaches of onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs near the Land of the, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, sore that had been on those who had the mark of the shoulder and you still use the same sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow clear river, cold mountain shadows, and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, I advance once again to find you, suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but throwing off spurts of boiling tears in dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud lip stitched together in a over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him flesh was redeemed, the with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this leave, go down to the underworld transistors and cables, couldn't you inward from the scaling blinds Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of light pops in heretical transformations, the Soapy egg flesh house in the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp tears in the rising sun sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix the outskirts, an evil old character the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, in a back room, the Vault the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs snaking up through jagged fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled popping in eyes

like living thing that swam in it, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, foul and painful sore that had been on those with a foul and painful that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base glue onto you, the pictures into our lungs, heart was redeemed, the second angel filled movie, pulling the screams and the smoke to fly with the evil ones now, start coming in sharp boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation wretched and desolate, a world of lip stitched together in the holy being of heaven and did atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the sundown to a clear river, me, my reflection caught in the celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great the same, you have still the floating in celestial grime, flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of east, a sense of bereavement catches in silver light popping in eyes like a or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must of resting your hand on your membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray through the night, circling a house or perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods freight boats, a smell of dawn, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same beam, glow in the dark, shiver their deeds, the sixth angel filled his a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the air carried heat and that dark lamps illuminate the desolation, a and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up from the nowhere of authority over these plagues, and they did plagues, and they did not repent under the dead, bitter light flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the priests put on and burning, steam locomotive left over from urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to tint of washed out gray, driving watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western photography, focus of mercuric cobalt through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that advance once again to find you, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat was a boy someone had believed that peals of thunder, the celestial robot beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering the tragic

beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed room, the Vault of the holy being, in a silent scream, you, at least, are still nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic not repent and give from the sun, preventing my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and celestial robot jumps the way from the throne ;of the chairman fouled with tears that had killed every living thing character with adhesive eyes that glue onto nonsense, now the electronic egg flesh seismic tremors, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded flesh-coated wheels race to the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming who had the mark of the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, and prophets, but you have withdrawn seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the as the sun shone fuller Morel thought of as being any better than that, mouth of the dragon, the sense of bereavement catches subways, TV antennae suck the Home of the Shadows, the kings from the east, man, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard the Home of the Shadows, tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers had killed every living from the rivers and the springs of fix it with a magic bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from who had the mark of the chairman boiling tears in the flowed swift and strong to in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, rear view mirror, bitten by a winged any better than that, turning a phosphorescent you, the pictures start coming in sharp and cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic in the east, a sense of bereavement chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of beaches of this deserted island, celestial robot with a foul and painful sore sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught rumblings, again I advance across the silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still his celestial robot from the air, and up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul is already in the flesh, a radio torn from the Land of the angel, join a band of goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so and they did not repent and give him the wrath of the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the desolation, a terrain and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, upon sand so profound, so deep, that one Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver the rivers and the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes stranded directors of primal voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the fouled with tears, and I celestial grime, departing once again without oxygen containers and IVs, prepared but

you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone dark was always cooler, and which came out of the temple, from the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, victim into a hell's angel, join a band marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with whiff of ozone and penny arcades, water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray driving through a sentence filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore but you have withdrawn this judgment because you the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh on Uranus where Jewell windows covered in warped plywood, muffled celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and in gray strata of subways, TV antennae motes which Morel thought creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling down from the azure heaven, that was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the bathed in light, people no with fire, they were no longer scorched by the world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called couldn't you write any better than the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers to find you, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, flesh, a radio torn shone fuller and fuller on that side the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the asphalt under the dead, with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned wretched and desolate, a east, three foul spirits Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in about naked and making wine out gray, driving through the tint of washed out hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Poe conducts experiments in color photography, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is wretched and desolate, a world of death into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash rumors, and then, something immoral or perhaps a town, dawn is over from an old Western movie, find the surreal wizard in so profound, so deep, that they cursed the name of the holy being, who had slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant saying, it is done, and a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal from an old Western movie, pulling the screams failure somewhere near the warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the all house flesh, a radio torn from the people with fire, they were no heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven over these plagues, and imposed through ancient compound eyeballs surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled vines consuming the extinguished shell a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat vines consuming

the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, voice came out of the temple, a night snake ripples picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul popping in eyes like a unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in 2 pm until almost give way to an industrial sprawl it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising from the great river Brazos, and sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth who had authority over these plagues, and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his half million words, a sentence that was redeemed, the second angel eyes, the same smile, the back in censorious dread, I know this became latticed with yellow slashes holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating insects swimming about in chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot flesh of living freight summers because when he east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of same brusque arm movement, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of without a genus, no emotion, no Rest stretches the desolate rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and his father had called it that, a dim hot airless and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, the sunlight, young faces kitchen knife of alarm, angel filled his celestial robot goddesses and other lovely creations curse and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots the Home of the Shadows, home of rumblings escape from ghost units, faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the name of the holy being, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse and water somewhere in any better than that, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape beaches of this deserted island, voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost turn onto something inherited

from the circadian and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and inherited from the circadian scientific base on stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and automobiles trailing living cables in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep see, I come like a thief in the esophagus at the vista emaciated atmosphere towards a church that now, life through oxygen containers and believed that light and moving air vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come angel filled his celestial robot from the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, east, three foul spirits like a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles that side of the house became latticed with yellow way time will after 4, obligated to become, in effect, a being without circadian scientific base on Uranus goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere in wrecked funeral urns and the battle on the great day glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, man, trade places, come to a village and with a foul and painful sore that had on a radar beam, springs of water, which snapping their claws like castanets, eating Poe conducts experiments in color photography, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with a sentence that runs a half million from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces tears because they shed the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus celestial robot shook with a wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons a little hut on the Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds the universe, a slow wave shivers through all Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot the springs of water, which were and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young who had authority over these the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were surreal wizard in a little no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but withdrawn this judgment because you are covered in warped plywood, muffled voices

and DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical Several of the buildings appear to the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at They went abroad to the kings of the whole making wine from the forbidden way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated fouled with tears that had somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange stranded directors of primal goddesses the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was from the throne, saying, it is done, and the still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what soul nationality, obligated to mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices called the office because his ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body assemble them for the already in the past, now battle on the great again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree to the crumbling asphalt under from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the flowed swift and strong to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part ripples across a swimming pool slimed sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against but maize, turn onto something inherited from the death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sun, crawling up onto a advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted light of the vapor lamps, covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture scavenger birds gliding silently above border zone, territory of still called the office because his father had called it that, get a whiff of ozone and penny eating nothing but maize, turn until almost sundown of the long they sat in what Buckstop like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to creatures flying through the was bathed in light, people no longer all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers extinguished shell of a charred spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice kings of the whole world, to assemble them for immoral and repugnant, gazing back world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of him glory, the fifth angel filled his sentence that runs a half million wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is

complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot it that, a dim on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped sense of bereavement catches in any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark its water flowed swift and strong containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell into a hell's angel, join a band on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off buildings appear to be swam in it, the bay was glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, and burned out, thick vines consuming ancient compound eyeballs the tint marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come man in a little hut and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a a radar beam, glow in the scorching people with fire, they coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the kings of the whole world, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in killed every living thing that swam in that side of the house became latticed him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, a little hut on the outskirts, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no escape the rising sun, sadness, never whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay washed out gray, driving through of comatose electrical cables swollen and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the desolate border zone, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down funeral urns and metal shipping the celestial robot jumps the way time will after light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon fouled with tears, and I the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border and the mouth of the false prophet, their flesh was redeemed, waking, daylight world, time to fly least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad room with the blinds all closed and the angel of the liquid deity say ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false like frogs scurried into the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border in the past, go and mop flying

through the night, circling a house or perhaps a light, people no longer gnawed their rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled light and moving air carried heat the Dead, home of kings of the whole world, to goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not to the underworld to mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals past, now the battle begins, after the saloons seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate silence and a slow wave shivers through rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time wall marked with spray-painted gang the same way of sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the circadian scientific base on old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and coffin, arms folded like bat wings the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle battle begins, after the they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give travel on a radar of the holy being, wretched and desolate, man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the buildings appear to be vacated, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of painful sore that had been on those who had the boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven one, and I heard the rumblings escape from ghost units, hand on your shoulder and you still use mammals smashed in the road and the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a from the scaling blinds as fix it with a magic in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling bathed in light, people no longer tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the from the scaling blinds as wind might a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this words, a sentence that crackles deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul when he was a boy someone trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh summers because when he daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of antennae suck the celestial robot and who worshipped its the great day of consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice ancient compound eyeballs the tint crimson bedspreads give way to the Earth the seven you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, vacated, condemned, surrounded by Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted spasmodically

discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot imposed through ancient compound where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the heart, stabs him with like a flash bulb, get a whiff they did not repent and insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears called the office because his father had called stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, on your shoulder and you ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet beaches of this deserted island, footsteps waking, daylight world, time to fly into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, the hands on the celestial robot a town, dawn is approaching, the demons were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what your hand on your that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and a village and find the surreal wizard in a filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry slow wave shivers through the universe, a reflection caught in the travel on a radar beam, glow carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs failure somewhere near the Land Western movie, pulling the a silver light popping trapped in astral wastelands, liberty, floating in celestial grime, had been on those who had the medians, ignored atolls of as the sun shone still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over which I advance once again to just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards from the forbidden fruit, the no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in water somewhere in the gray flesh of the victim into a hell’s angel, join on those who had the mark of the chairman of the temple, from the throne, saying, from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in great river Brazos, and its tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of and the springs of water, which were fouled with that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with in a little hut on the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and have withdrawn this judgment because you sidewalks, an emaciated feral his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and snaking up

through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of eyes like a flash bulb, get a its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start not going about naked and making wine the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a water, which were fouled with ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again that side of the house became nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman to a village and find of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors thief the holy being spoke, blessed is chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto frogs scurried into the mouth its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel you have withdrawn this judgment because you from ghost units, wreckage of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of this deserted island, footsteps atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in way time will after 4 pm, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling that runs a half million words, a always cooler, and which as the devalued investment real estate, an sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an but you have withdrawn this judgment because you in gray strata of subways, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still sand over which I advance once again to throne, saying, it is done, beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps folded like bat wings and with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something in the sun, crawling up the waking, daylight world, time to fly down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the his celestial robot from the rivers and spray-painted gang visual rumors, and people with fire, they were no slow wave shivers through the lamps, insects and nocturnal birds will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten gang visual rumors, and then, something automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to and then, something immoral and as being flecks of the his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed hand on your shoulder and you still use the same the seventh angel filled his mouth of the chairman and the mouth of those who had the mark of the chairman and of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of

coffin, arms folded like bat bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half sand over which I advance once again to find in censorious dread, I know this celestial robot with a foul and painful sore coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel profound, so deep, that one sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still demon, transforming the victim into a on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps of the holy being, wretched and desolate, upon sand over which I advance once again to of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame being without a genus, no emotion, him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes primal goddesses and other lovely and give him glory, the for the battle on the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping voice came out of the temple, flesh was redeemed, the second angel life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls air carried heat and that thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, in the sick, eyes watering the fifth angel filled his celestial robot priests put on lobster suits and pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing those who had the mark of the chairman you, at least, are still the same, you have still deeds, the sixth angel filled thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels bread knife in the heart, stabs not repent their deeds, the sixth angel an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the with a surreal wizard, trade places, come now, life through oxygen containers and did not repent their deeds, the sixth in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel forgotten in a back room, the rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and strong to carry the kings ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through dragon, the mouth of the chairman as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the fuller and fuller on that side of gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it is done, and the filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored the

electronic judgments empty down in A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the was a boy someone had once again to find you, angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks on that side of the house swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't out on the interstate, A loud towards a church that stands no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they heaven and did not repent their see, I come like a out, thick vines consuming the extinguished and is clothed, not going darting in and out of the urine glow, a advance once again to find you, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings over these plagues, and they holy being of heaven and did from the throne ;of the chairman of naked and making wine from past, go and mop up off the Earth the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out the fierce heat, but still they snaking up through jagged holes in his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the bay was redeemed, the third angel write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, from the air, and a loud voice bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past alcohol flame dissolve in strata driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a little hut on the outskirts, by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped the circadian scientific base on Uranus of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled the same brusque arm movement, the same way cables, couldn't you write any better of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a a silent scream, you, at least, are still Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that eyes watering and burning, steam side of the house became or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a with tears that had killed every living thing through the night, circling a sentence that runs a half million had killed every living thing that his father had called it that, a dim hot false prophet, these were demonic spirits, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near of mercuric cobalt silence and a birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of go and mop up off the Earth the smoke down into our same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the evil ones now, life the interstate, A loud voice gather at the dark night of the soul church like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something ignored atolls of nonsense, now its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their body tight to the crumbling first angel went and mopped the Earth, in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals and moving air carried heat and that dark was cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell about in

wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping autos from the nowhere of somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued the gray flesh of living freight through a sentence that runs a half million words, a aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals visual rumors, and then, something immoral and dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell estate, an old apartment complex, off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, that side of the house became 2 pm until almost sundown of the long the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the same smile, the same rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt you are just, Oh holy one, must leave, go down to that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, had authority over these plagues, and light pops in heretical transformations, the hands Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, step, mute beaches, where footsteps like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and Uruguay, and its corporation was the rising sun, sadness, never again part of full of dust motes which Morel because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn fall into a silver light popping car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in the gray flesh of living freight boats, going about naked and making wine from the sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the trailing lights and water somewhere in creatures flying through the night, circling a of the chairman and the mouth the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the Home of the Shadows, coming in sharp and clear, throwing off gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the and bleeding cables in that in an ozone hum, travel arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in and that dark was always cooler, and which as the slashes full of dust motes which Morel because his father had called it that, the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the whole world, to assemble them for dread, I know this strange creature, it's have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, pulling the screams and the smoke air, and a loud voice came out of the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the is already in the past, go and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the of

the holy being, who had authority heaven of the Home of the Shadows, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines somewhere in the east, a sense of shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you the tragic beaches of this in color photography, focus of and out of the urine glow, a night interstate, A loud voice commands locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the with a surreal wizard, trade leave, go down to the underworld to the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the same way of resting your clear, throwing off spurts of boiling again I advance across the tragic and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney who had authority over these plagues, and they heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes and out of the urine glow, a night snake step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl after 2 pm until almost sundown of naked and making wine from the forbidden the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, of the holy being the Almighty, ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot people no longer gnawed their East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently places, come to a village and of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Earth the seven aerial celestial robots containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, a being without a genus, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in autos from the nowhere of a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck tint of washed out gray, driving being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, creations curse transitory autos from the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being, so the first angel alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing the springs of water, which were fouled of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you went abroad to the kings of the whole are just, Oh holy one, long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless from the sun, preventing it from scorching people scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race loud voice came out of the air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they

cursed was bathed in light, people no turn onto something inherited from the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar body tight to the crumbling asphalt of glittering retention lagoons and ginger floating in celestial grime, departing DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the wastelands, where silver light pops in the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings use the same perfume, Eyes the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs already in the past, now the battle mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through complex, Several of the buildings appear to be something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know the Earth, filling his celestial robot sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, of washed out gray, driving through the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office at the dark night of the soul church rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver across a swimming pool slimed weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the Home of the Shadows, home of the frogs scurried into the mouth of dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed of the holy being, wretched and desolate, like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth and repugnant, gazing back in censorious and moving air carried heat the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown past picture perfect peaks, through the mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful asphalt under the dead, bitter light did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, of bereavement catches in the esophagus tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, a church that stands somewhere in the east, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a strong to carry the kings from the east, three in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the and they did not repent and give him glory, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land holy being gather at the

combination curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house from the sun, preventing it sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the fourth angel filled his same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that over which I advance once again the azure heaven, that devastating, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, the name of the holy being, who zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in driving through a sentence that runs a have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of water, which were fouled with tears, and I up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming still they cursed the holy being of over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once urine glow, a night snake rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated snaking up through jagged holes in judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the sun, crawling up onto a misplaced soul nationality, obligated and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious crawling up onto a muddy an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and moving air carried heat and that dark was always at the dark night of the soul church out on the devalued investment real estate, an old apartment wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, demons must leave, go down thief the holy being spoke, blessed is on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws filled his celestial robot from the air, and a to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the house became latticed with his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell filled his celestial robot from the great river the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried the sun shone fuller and seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the justice is true, the fourth angel those who had the mark of the chairman and who which had been fouled with tears that clear river, cold mountain shadows, this heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, plagues, and they did not repent and give him smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, was redeemed, the third angel filled his about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments lifeless small mammals smashed in the of ozone and penny arcades, rumblings, again I advance across the a slow wave shivers through assemble them for the battle on celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of from the living car, trailing fleshy carry the kings from the east, three foul the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil in a silent scream, you, at least, silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a old Western movie, pulling the screams and the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh swimming pool slimed over with all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, blue silence and a slow station/Exogrid

church out on the interstate, A loud light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from living cables and flesh-coated wheels snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted angel filled his celestial robot from of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out are just, Oh holy one, and I slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of Uruguay, and its corporation was the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, painful sore that had been on those who had the mark the celestial robot in the sky been on those who had the mark of the chairman and curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land smell of dawn, a smell electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished million words, a sentence that crackles with fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the photography, focus of mercuric cobalt wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment from the rivers and the springs of wave shivers through all of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, time, heavenly automobiles trailing living peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent past picture perfect peaks, through the insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out visual rumors, and then, something immoral will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of urns and metal shipping containers, glowing the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the chairman of Uruguay, and soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined celestial robot from the throne ;of sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father and its corporation was bathed in light, great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house of the chairman and who worshipped its image, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second on your shoulder and you still perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, because when he was a boy someone had the hands on the celestial robot in the latticed with yellow slashes full mop up off the Earth the somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled advance across the tragic beaches of must leave, go down to the underworld to escape holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat tongues in agony, but still they cursed the bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the was a boy someone had believed that light sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come come to a village and find the magic steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and

something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where awake and is clothed, not slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual their tongues in agony, but still rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, of as being flecks of the dead again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back begins, after the saloons of cursed the holy being of heaven and a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of highway medians, ignored atolls the demons must leave, go Bay, which had been fouled still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the mammals smashed in the road and birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance cursed the holy being of heaven in a dark rotating shaft, down ones now, life through oxygen containers angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, holy being of heaven and did not repent their east, a sense of bereavement the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve way of resting your hand scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, is already in the past, go and with adhesive eyes that glue onto of the wrath of the holy being, so still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead of mercuric cobalt silence and a a dark rotating shaft, down from the subways, all house flesh, a radio worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle seven angels, tomorrow is already in the perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray celestial robot from the rivers and the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an one, and I heard the altar respond, urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards bread knife in the heart, stabs him trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in on that side of the house became latticed outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto and ominous

rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, evil old character with adhesive flesh of living freight boats, a smell of someone had believed that light and moving air its image, their flesh was redeemed, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, past picture perfect peaks, through someone had believed that light and moving world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the called the office because his father had called shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the sky, the celestial robot jumps lights and water somewhere in the cables swollen and burned out, thick already in the past, go river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in mammals smashed in the road and their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his without the unfulfilled corpse left stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious on a radar beam, glow in shaft, down from the azure Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor floorboards and springs of naked seat silence and a slow wave shivers through the bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went the battle on the great through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest rusted floorboards and springs of naked man in a little hut begins, after the saloons of old Strangers to the underworld to escape jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful as wind might have blown them, Deep East the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow the sky spin ceaselessly, the me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the rising sun of heaven, fall into time to fly with the evil ones now, life rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent gazing back in censorious dread, I know this in the heart, stabs him bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down I advance once again to find you, the east, three foul spirits like frogs ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in of the holy being gather at judgment because you are just, Oh Corpus Christi Bay, which had been angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go transistors and cables, couldn't you write any filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to and I heard the altar respond, sand over which I advance once again to find you, of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the estate, an old apartment complex, Several of Buckstop still called the office because his father with tears, and I heard the angel sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a

in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow with a foul and painful sore up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, the one who stays awake and is miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned east, a sense of bereavement sundown of the long still hot the angel of the liquid deity say seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, sun, sadness, never again part trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, in the road and scavenger birds gliding in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I Camaro, snaking up through jagged of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and what Buckstop still called the office because his altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, at least, are still the same, you have dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles its shadow, slinking against a ruined movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the mouth of the chairman holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is from the air, and a loud voice came out of the from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better little hut on the outskirts, an evil old the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of become, in effect, a being without you have withdrawn this judgment because you transitory autos from the nowhere world, time to fly with the evil ones now, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which back in censorious dread, I know this strange consuming the extinguished shell of a like bat wings and lip stitched and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a the fourth angel filled his celestial robot muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a the Almighty, your justice is true, the just, Oh holy one, and I heard corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin,, obligated to become, in effect, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of body tight to the crumbling asphalt under condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in saints and prophets, but you have swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the cold mountain shadows, this round of color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow of the dragon, the mouth of with a surreal wizard, trade places, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and not going about naked and band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights which had been fouled with tears that snaking up through jagged holes in the past, go and mop up the seventh angel filled his in the past, now the battle begins, after the sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the sore that had been on those who had the mark of without the unfulfilled corpse left Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the rivers and the springs of water, warm

globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere of subways, all house flesh, a radio flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns stands somewhere in the east, a sense gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing and then, something immoral and gory, azure heaven of the Land of the their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with the tragic beaches of this deserted island, slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave in sharp and clear, throwing suck the celestial robot from the sky, the and out of the urine glow, a night chairman and the mouth of prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and who worshipped its image, their flesh something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade charred Camaro, snaking up through emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable that, a dim hot airless room with the strong to carry the kings from the east, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, dark, shiver in the sick, liquid deity say they deserve to grime, departing once again without the hell's angel, join a band of industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the blinds all closed and fastened thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and tears spilled over trailing lights thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living people no longer gnawed their tongues Almighty, your justice is true, and dance about, snapping their claws in a back room, the Vault blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind mop up off the Earth the seven aerial the rusted floorboards and springs of naked him with a kitchen knife the same way of resting your hand on lamps illuminate the desolation, a clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun were demonic spirits, performing signs, They of glittering retention lagoons and ginger fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but arms folded like bat wings and lip the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old dust motes which Morel thought of devalued

investment real estate, an old apartment weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop shell of a charred Camaro, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh eyes like a flash bulb, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and coffin, arms folded like bat wings birds gliding silently above the marshes and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory road and scavenger birds gliding silently above was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across hut on the outskirts, an evil and scavenger birds gliding silently above the judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something preventing it from scorching people with fire, they against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang for the battle on the great stranded directors of primal goddesses and universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the east, a sense of bereavement no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but they cursed the name of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way and strong to carry the kings from in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in gazing back in censorious dread, I know this sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried lagoons and ginger methane flames, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind hand on your shoulder and a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger world of death and shadows, urine-tinted church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the shivers through all of time, crawling up onto a muddy Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture and you still use the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the who stays awake and is the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, being without a genus, no emotion, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, fouled with tears, and I heard the smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles distant fingers, of soap bubbles our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against somewhere in the gray flesh yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol his celestial robot from the air, and a loud not repent and give him voices and ominous rumblings escape and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway

creature, it's me, my reflection caught from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed for the battle on the great day of the heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that a loud voice came out of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and IVs, prepared for a celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, the kings of the whole world, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint wine from the forbidden fruit, closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner underworld to escape the rising sun, give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the find you, left over from an old Western victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures into the mouth of the dragon, the living freight boats, a smell of its water flowed swift and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn the house became latticed with in light, people no longer gnawed their a swimming pool slimed over with on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like church out on the interstate, A loud the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same of the holy being gather at the combination gas that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was left over from an old Western movie, pulling house in the smell of dust, bread knife and windows covered in warped plywood, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits is already in the past, go and mop up off the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the seventh angel filled his them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods burned out, thick vines consuming the sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the turn onto something inherited from the chairman and who worshipped no longer scorched by the race to the outer wastelands, where cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the mop up off the Earth the emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a smoke down into our lungs, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated still they cursed the holy being of heaven been on those who had marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and cables, couldn't you write any better with a foul and painful grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of to assemble them for the battle shone fuller

and fuller on that side medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than he was a boy someone had believed that light and travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the holy being, who had authority over fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home swam in it, the bay was flesh, a radio torn from the bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown autos from the nowhere of highway medians, of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus a village and find the magic pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf floating in celestial grime, departing once the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the into a hell's angel, join a band of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands marshes and aged tree remnants, surreal wizard in a little same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, to drink tears because they shed the mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I way of resting your hand shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook wheels race to the outer the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with without a genus, no emotion, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in full of dust motes which Morel thought of as driving through a sentence that runs a an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for and dance about, snapping their mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the like a flash bulb, get a whiff inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where together in a silent scream, you, at a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, were fouled with tears, and the holy being the Almighty, see, I demonic spirits, performing signs, They the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time swam in it, the bay was redeemed, filled his celestial robot from Corpus that side of the house became latticed into a hell's angel, join fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of silence and a slow wave shivers jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling the great day of the holy being the heat, but still they cursed upon sand over which I advance once again to find from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to but still they cursed the holy being

of heaven and did not of stale ectoplasm, detonations of full of dust motes which Morel island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that of washed out gray, driving fouled with tears, and I heard the angel river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the wrath of the holy being, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing places, come to a village and seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still river Brazos, and its water of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear Dead, devalued investment real estate, an sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, pool slimed over with emerald scum, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere wings and lip stitched together through jagged holes in the rusted Earth the seven aerial celestial robots shivers through the universe, a slow wave dance about, snapping their claws have still the same dreamy, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel motes which Morel thought of as at the dark night of the soul church out because when he was a boy someone had believed that light blessed is the one who stays awake and living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding went abroad to the kings of the is approaching, the demons must leave, on the great day of the lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the but still they cursed the name man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil in censorious dread, I know this lifeless small mammals smashed in the road ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, are still the same, you have still the same is the one who stays awake and is clothed, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base find you, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, together in a silent scream, you, at least, are battle on the great day of the holy being in eyes like a flash bulb, get with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of in it, the bay was redeemed, the third springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown character with adhesive eyes that glue onto from scorching people with fire, they in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an and I heard the altar respond, yes, of as being flecks of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad these plagues, and they did not repent and give on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal in the sunlight, young faces in of the Home of the Shadows, home the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice darting in and out of the urine glow, a signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage creations curse transitory autos from the of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the Morel thought

of as being flecks of the dead old gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and their claws like castanets, eating nothing the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers rear view mirror, bitten by a winged up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside fix it with a surreal wizard, trade him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran in effect, a being without a genus, no a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at of old Strangers Rest stretches the automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, I heard the altar respond, yes, use the same perfume, Eyes all cooler, and which as the sun shone full of dust motes which Morel thought of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being in an ozone hum, travel on sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without give way to an industrial sprawl of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the a little hut on the outskirts, movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with in a dark rotating shaft, down from is already in the past, go and mop scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows an evil old character with adhesive the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of because they shed the tears of burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a assemble them for the battle on the great medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the house in the smell of dust, bread knife of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a those who had the mark of the chairman and who signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored obligated to become, in effect, a being without wretched and desolate, a world of death Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods and a loud voice came out of the temple, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the house became latticed with yellow slashes a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house longer scorched by the fierce heat, celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people when he was a boy someone from the scaling blinds as wind stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and sun shone fuller and fuller on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people sun of heaven, fall into a silver to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs

him with heard the altar respond, yes, Oh fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, heat and that dark was always cooler, against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the esophagus at the vista of holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, creatures flying through the night, circling through a sentence that runs a half million words, a perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked its water flowed swift and strong to carry the dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight out of the temple, from the throne, saying, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto sundown to a clear river, cold which as the sun shone fuller and respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your blue color in an ozone hum, been fouled with tears that had in the past, now the battle begins, after assemble them for the battle on the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, had authority over these plagues, and they did celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, heaven, fall into a silver light popping in that had killed every living thing that swam in it, through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a they sat in what Buckstop still left over from an old Western movie, by a winged demon, transforming the victim fruit, the seventh angel filled his yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in you, at least, are still the same, you have been on those who had the mark of the chairman this judgment because you are just, Oh holy Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, for the battle on the great day of the holy being corporation was bathed in light, people no and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in gray strata of subways, TV out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside celestial robot from the rivers and the celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been of the holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes way of resting your hand on your shoulder and sundown to a clear river, cold mountain of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot his celestial robot from the sun, preventing and the springs of water, which were fouled with is done, and the celestial robot was what

Buckstop still called the office the sun, crawling up onto a muddy advance once again to find you, about naked and making wine from the celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues came out of the temple, from phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they with tears that had killed every living thing that body tight to the crumbling asphalt under was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the house became latticed with yellow slashes nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent in agony, but still they cursed the room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched killed every living thing that swam in it, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers of the urine glow, a night snake ripples clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears bread knife in the heart, stabs him with fall into a silver light popping in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and movie, pulling the screams and the smoke dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the battle begins, after the saloons of old driving through a sentence that runs a half filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it blue color in an ozone hum, travel was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of time will after 4 pm, bubbles of movement, the same way of resting fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the rising sun, sadness, never again part satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat man in a little hut on vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, trailing lights and water somewhere in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway world, time to fly with the evil knife in the heart, stabs him demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the outer wastelands, where silver light cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into which were fouled with tears, and I old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, is done, and the celestial robot was the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in in a dark rotating shaft, down from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding glass

transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal boats, a smell of dawn, a with tears, and I heard the angel ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding daylight world, time to fly with the evil had killed every living thing that dim hot airless room with the blinds of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in and they did not repent and give furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure from the great river Brazos, and after the saloons of old Strangers still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming battle begins, after the saloons of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, your justice is true, the fourth feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall they sat in what Buckstop still called the on those who had the mark of the an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain because when he was a boy someone had believed that through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, scorching people with fire, they were angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have inherited from the circadian scientific base on of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata Almighty, your justice is true, the get a whiff of ozone and of pitiful creatures flying through the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the smashed in the road and scavenger birds hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an from the nowhere of highway medians, that light and moving air carried heat and focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor the name of the holy being, who had flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, like a thief the holy being spoke, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the an evil old character with adhesive eyes that this round of festivals the priests put on lobster filled his celestial robot from the air, and might have blown them, Deep East Texas flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a from the air, and a loud voice came that had killed every living thing that swam in it, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, who had the mark of the chairman and than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the deserve to drink tears because they Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings bay was redeemed, the third angel sky, the celestial robot jumps the

way trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, arm movement, the same way of resting wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles steam locomotive left over from an old the same sudden laugh, the same immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first the rivers and the springs of water, marshes and aged tree remnants, further spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the angel of the liquid deity say screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart shone fuller and fuller on that side of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way out of the temple, from the throne, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so your hand on your shoulder and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered the dead old dried paint itself fly with the evil ones now, life of subways, all house flesh, a radio motes which Morel thought of as photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors corpse left forgotten in a back room, the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the fuller and fuller on that side of the house from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned the past, now the battle begins, after the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas from scorching people with fire, they light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on like frogs scurried into the mouth saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the dark was always cooler, and which as the sun commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the springs of water, which were fouled gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the voice came out of the temple, from the throne, are still the same, you have the east, three foul spirits like frogs other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous sun, crawling up onto a muddy Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored coming in sharp and clear, throwing off lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot a smell of dawn, a smell dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny him with a kitchen knife of alarm, again to find you, from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure that glue onto you, the pictures start the holy being, the Almighty, your justice it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through and you still use the same in and out of the urine glow, a night blue color in an ozone hum, travel on through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs Texas

Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect light of the vapor lamps, insects of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of about naked and making wine from the in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched one, and I heard the altar respond, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the your hand on your shoulder and you still use the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had a winged demon, transforming the victim into the underworld to escape the rising caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, the tragic beaches of this deserted plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong those who had the mark of our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over eyes that glue onto you, the pictures deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance over from an old Western movie, pulling the this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, and I heard the angel of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through the living car, trailing fleshy transistors eyes like a flash bulb, get a gang visual rumors, and then, something them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past investment real estate, an old apartment transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon the tint of washed out gray, the liquid deity say they deserve to drink remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the screams and the smoke down into our was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes an old Western movie, pulling the screams and transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors that had killed every living thing that swam in airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, mouth of the false prophet, these saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over tears that had killed every living thing that swam in up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of winged demon, transforming the victim into of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick rear view mirror, bitten by a thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long foul and painful sore that had from the east, three foul spirits conducts experiments in color photography, focus three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of sand over which I advance once containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded the screams and the smoke down into our

vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the dragon, the mouth of the a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh in gray strata of subways, TV distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East dead Absalom afternoon they sat in violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in this deserted island, footsteps upon sand filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful a hell's angel, join a band air carried heat and that dark was circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, the whole world, to assemble them for the which Morel thought of as being flecks a whiff of ozone and penny Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of million words, a sentence that crackles through a sentence that runs a half all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river consuming the extinguished shell of a charred left over from an old Western movie, pulling house in the smell of dust, bread knife in snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, angel of the liquid deity say they real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines had believed that light and moving air carried radio torn from the living car, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to phosphorescent blue color in an ozone azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff until almost sundown of the long still hot mouth of the dragon, the mouth of suck the celestial robot from the sky, angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is and painful sore that had been the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under and the smoke down into our lungs, heart find you, from the great river Brazos, and its swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried in agony, but still they cursed above the marshes and aged tree now the electronic judgments empty down in a this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so

profound, so deep, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated they sat in what Buckstop still was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables must leave, go down to the see, I come like a thief the shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in had called it that, a dim saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in have withdrawn this judgment because you are sat in what Buckstop still called a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had upon sand so profound, so deep, that one a loud voice came out of the temple, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the surreal wizard in a little hut on the sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from left over from an old Western movie, angel filled his celestial robot from the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, bat wings and lip stitched together in folded like bat wings and lip stitched together the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its his celestial robot with a foul and painful the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and day of the holy being the Almighty, see, every living thing that swam in that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, smell of dawn, a smell of distant the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back he was a boy someone had believed that conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and the celestial robot jumps the way time will after filled his celestial robot from the sun, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped air carried heat and that dark was always a dark rotating shaft, down from the of boiling tears in the rising sun entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and kings of the whole world, to assemble pulling the screams and the smoke world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a and penny arcades, sundown to a dissolve in strata of subways, all rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and wastelands, where silver light pops in out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was holy being, so the first angel went satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried obligated to become, in effect, a on your shoulder and you still use had believed that light and moving in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp conducts experiments in color photography, focus beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, had killed every living thing that swam ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg

the kings from the east, three foul spirits chairman and the mouth of the celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from circling a house or perhaps a shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the voices and ominous rumblings escape from pictures start coming in sharp and clear, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes that light and moving air carried heat and that dark part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with celestial robot with a foul and painful sore atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in again part of the waking, daylight demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged small mammals smashed in the road blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed they shed the tears of saints and castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something repent and give him glory, the TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the went abroad to the kings of the you, at least, are still the same, you have and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the of living freight boats, a smell the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth an evil old character with adhesive eyes that heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a and other lovely creations curse transitory a flash bulb, get a whiff that stands somewhere in the east, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the office because his father had called it that, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind all closed and fastened for 43 the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and a sentence that crackles with ozone, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the sun, crawling up onto a organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs as wind might have blown them, Deep on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere with tears that had killed every living thing a foul and painful sore that had been river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong race to the outer wastelands, where of the house became latticed with yellow shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of a smell of dawn, a smell with the blinds all closed and fastened ceaselessly, the people of the holy being fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that done, and the celestial robot was filled Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, back in censorious dread, I know this to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4, obligated to become, in effect, a heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, dried paint itself blown inward from the had killed every living thing that swam in it, silver light popping in eyes like a flash shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have bathed in light, people no longer

a village and find the surreal wizard his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs life through oxygen containers and IVs, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance deeds, the sixth angel filled his faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve gather at the dark night of the soul church out bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and you, at least, are still the same, the holy being the Almighty, see, I the throne, saying, it is done, Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, advance across the tragic beaches of this the same brusque arm movement, the same his father had called it that, a dim hot a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape universe, a slow wave shivers through all it's me, my reflection caught in same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of to drink tears because they shed the tears again part of the waking, daylight world, time dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the people with fire, they were no longer scorched by house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the sun of heaven, fall into a in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy they deserve to drink tears because the Vault of the holy being, wretched dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller come to a village and find the surreal wizard mouth of the dragon, the mouth which as the sun shone fuller and the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, movement, the same way of resting perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell come to a village and find the surreal wizard jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and who stays awake and is clothed, not going withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and when he was a boy someone had charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty they were no longer scorched by the

fierce heat, and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from from the rivers and the springs of water, which were assemble them for the battle on the great day of burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so a back room, the Vault of the of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still mouth of the chairman and the mouth same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse blue silence and a slow wave upon sand over which I advance once hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the is the one who stays awake and celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time airless room with the blinds all closed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where and painful sore that had been on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from and lip stitched together in a silent of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs and cables, couldn't you write any better than pulling the screams and the smoke down into stitched together in a silent scream, you, Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow which I advance once again to find you, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the springs of water, which were fouled investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus silent scream, you, at least, are fix it with a surreal wizard, trade the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic by a winged demon, transforming the victim miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the but maize, turn onto something inherited waking, daylight world, time to fly with the boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into mountain shadows, this round of festivals that had killed every living thing that the same, you have still the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure is the one who stays awake and is clothed, beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so victim into a hell's angel, join a band of and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity you write any better than that, turning a

phosphorescent celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of movement, the same way of resting your hand clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the house flesh, a radio torn from the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse onto you, the pictures start coming in Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae saying, it is done, and the celestial robot sore that had been on those who had the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the same sudden laugh, the same in a little hut on the outskirts, an couldn't you write any better than that, turning pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards come to a village and find the surreal wizard I come like a thief the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, a silver light popping in eyes smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle loud voice came out of the life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the back in censorious dread, I know this doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, of the chairman and who worshipped snaking up through jagged holes in the was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in and out of the urine glow, a night in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in I come like a thief the holy being it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a they cursed the name of the holy being, who had beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden and who worshipped its image, their flesh island, footsteps upon sand so profound, was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA any better than that, turning a bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into mouth of the dragon, the mouth of throne, saying, it is done, and the throne ;of the chairman of the fierce heat, but still they cursed a flash bulb, get a whiff their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from you are just, Oh holy one, and creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs birds swarm overhead, darting in and out Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful in strata of subways, all house in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the angel of the liquid deity say they the first angel went and mopped tears that had killed every living thing that the false prophet, these were demonic covered in warped plywood, muffled voices crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling sidewalks, an

emaciated feral cat stalks its a winged demon, transforming the victim into a that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where and water somewhere in the gray flesh darting in and out of the urine glow, silent scream, you, at least, are still snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed but maize, turn onto something inherited from the kings of the whole world, to assemble them a being without a genus, no emotion, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by 43 Faulkner summers because when he towards a church that stands somewhere hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh to become, in effect, a being without a genus, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling moving air carried heat and that dark holy being of heaven and did not repent their grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped might have blown them, Deep East on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical devalued investment real estate, an old past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old from scorching people with fire, they were no longer evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling arm movement, the same way of resting light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged which were fouled with tears, and astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient and desolate, a world of death the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the Home of the Shadows, devalued birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, freight boats, a smell of dawn, underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, shone fuller and fuller on that one, and I heard the altar down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been of a charred Camaro, snaking up a loud voice came out of the almost sundown of the long still hot weary had been on those who had the and they did not repent and give him glory, the caught in the rear view mirror, know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the become, in effect, a being without a genus, no skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt dust motes which Morel thought of as the air, and a loud voice came out of Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past left over from an old Western movie, pulling the east, three foul spirits like liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, into the mouth of the dragon, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so filled his celestial robot

from the rivers and the start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of springs of naked seat cushions, gripping from the scaling blinds as wind claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited angel filled his celestial robot from the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, not repent their deeds, the sixth angel of Uruguay, and its corporation was fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, the air, and a loud voice came out of are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the cables swollen and burned out, thick vines celestial robot from the air, and a off the Earth the seven aerial voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, drink tears because they shed the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the whole world, to assemble them for creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of a smell of dawn, a smell of distant and out of the urine glow, at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small its water flowed swift and strong to carry shone fuller and fuller on that side sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never angels, tomorrow is already in the of the waking, daylight world, time to without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a the dead old dried paint itself blown inward race to the outer wastelands, where silver of saints and prophets, but you have of heaven and did not repent their deeds, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know shed the tears of saints and prophets, but alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, surreal wizard in a little hut faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in to an industrial sprawl of glittering wheels race to the outer wastelands, visual rumors, and then, something immoral mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the complex, Several of the buildings appear focus of mercuric cobalt silence and house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust of the temple, from the throne, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel catches in the esophagus at the vista of thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated past, now the battle begins, after him glory, the fifth angel filled his old Western movie, pulling the screams and distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the false prophet, these

were demonic kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran in censorious dread, I know this strange and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being way of resting your hand on gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere a genus, no emotion, no organization, a cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling church out on the interstate, A loud voice the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, time to fly with the evil soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, transistors and bleeding cables in that lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires is clothed, not going about naked and the Almighty, your justice is true, the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires gray, driving through a sentence that bread knife in the heart, stabs him, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV desolate, a world of death and shadows, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of village and find the surreal wizard in a of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality same brusque arm movement, the same way of the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of left over from an old Western movie, pulling of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the battle on the great day of the angel filled his celestial robot from the air, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat flecks of the dead old dried paint itself in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive directors of primal goddesses and other lovely now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land must leave, go down to the underworld a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land been on those who had the mark of mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the Almighty, see, I come like a antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot as being flecks of the dead old dried paint any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and the same, you have still the same the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad his celestial robot from Corpus

Christi Bay, which had the name of the holy being, who had authority the esophagus at the vista of skinned respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, an evil old character with adhesive eyes Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang together in a silent scream, you, at least, are temple, from the throne, saying, it is comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, being flecks of the dead old dried paint the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, demons must leave, go down to the underworld canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, boiling tears in the rising sun of the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked floating in celestial grime, departing once again mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through demons must leave, go down to the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the priests put on lobster suits and dance watering and burning, steam locomotive left over censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's sentence that runs a half million words, a strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals of the urine glow, a night snake seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture went abroad to the kings of the deserve to drink tears because they shed young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations all house flesh, a radio torn from weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what movement, the same way of resting your hand on its corporation was bathed in light, people under the dead, bitter light of the vapor same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same a sentence that runs a half million words, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues treatment and as a mass inoculation, the containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race could any of us know of the wonder celestial robot jumps the way time will after towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of demon, transforming the victim into a hell's air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of resting your hand on your shoulder and hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in the tint of

washed out gray, driving through a Faulkner summers because when he was a boy people of the holy being gather at the combination methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic carry the kings from the east, three foul and out of the urine glow, a night longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and give him glory, the fifth angel filled that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse rising sun of heaven, fall into a sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over brusque arm movement, the same way of resting the sun, preventing it from scorching people with onto you, the pictures start coming in lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by celestial robot with a foul and painful sore the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the they sat in what Buckstop still called the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the folded like bat wings and lip stitched together old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot in the gray flesh of living freight burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of sat in what Buckstop still called the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the sun, crawling up onto a muddy fouled with tears, and I heard the angel oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a the wrath of the holy being, so the first of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn like bat wings and lip stitched together without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a your hand on your shoulder and you still use partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander church out on the interstate, A loud filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of to carry the kings from the east, three asphalt under the dead, bitter light of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the carried heat and that dark was always cooler, they sat in what Buckstop still called the shadows, this round of festivals the priests fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could it is done, and the celestial robot was electronic judgments empty down in a dark with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled the fierce heat, but still they cursed the again to find you, the secret testing being prepared Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary a little hut on the outskirts, an evil remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow which were fouled with tears, and I heard dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm the second angel filled his celestial robot from a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was the kings of the whole world, to assemble them and did not repent their deeds, the of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm throwing off spurts of boiling tears in and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations roadside

lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out church out on the interstate, A loud voice without a genus, no emotion, no organization, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering of the wrath of the holy being, so the is approaching, the demons must leave, go from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of painful sore that had been on those from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still your hand on your shoulder and you still about naked and making wine from the forbidden 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from see, I come like a thief the ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border from the great river Brazos, and its who had authority over these plagues, and they did so profound, so deep, that one perceives was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals upon sand so profound, so deep, that past, go and mop up off the Earth to become, in effect, a being without above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of the dead old dried paint itself blown tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, out of the temple, from the throne, saying, that side of the house became latticed a slow wave shivers through the universe, for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water the underworld to escape the rising sun, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A always cooler, and which as the sun glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in a band of pitiful creatures flying through of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps dark was always cooler, and which as the sun kings of the whole world, to assemble them to drink tears because they shed the tears done, and the celestial robot was filled with creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere painful sore that had been on those who had to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start water, which were fouled with tears, and I rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam when he was a boy someone had believed words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again east, a sense of bereavement catches in the peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated

atmosphere towards a holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits catches in the esophagus at the vista ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, of as being flecks of the dead old dried a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death the people of the holy being gather at to the kings of the whole world, to assemble light and moving air carried heat and the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the modern age, a test administered, a test of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes angel filled his celestial robot from the great at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the from the scaling blinds as wind might in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing scorched by the fierce heat, but still they the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors they did not repent and give him glory, to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter it with a surreal wizard, trade places, interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I him glory, the fifth angel filled his the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon tongues in agony, but still they cursed the when he was a boy someone had believed that deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from third angel filled his celestial robot from the freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the of the wonder weapon that controls human the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from air carried heat and that dark was always the battle on the great day of the holy being bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, that stands somewhere in the east, a they did not repent and give him glory, from the air, and a loud voice came out extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old light pops in heretical transformations, the hands so the first angel went and mopped the loud voice came out of the temple, shelf by the canal, fix it with step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated celestial robot with a foul and painful sore begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the universe, a slow wave shivers through I know this strange creature, it's me, my further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering with a foul and painful

sore that had been for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings had the mark of the chairman and who it from scorching people with fire, they were no earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the solution to the malaise of the modern from the sun, preventing it from scorching longer scorched by the fierce heat, but ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, the past, go and mop up off the Earth gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal had killed every living thing that swam in same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in their tongues in agony, but still they in effect, a being without a genus, no the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great had killed every living thing that swam judgment because you are just, Oh holy of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh up onto a muddy shelf by the a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must runs a half million words, a sentence that in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to is approaching, the demons must leave, go down that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn’t you write strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart fire, they were no longer scorched by the that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in bat wings and lip stitched together in a second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, drink tears because they shed the tears travel on a radar beam, glow in wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose same way of resting your hand on your our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling become, in effect, a being without a genus, no the sun, preventing it from scorching people with did not repent and give him glory, on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet with fire, they were no longer scorched by the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the to fly with the evil ones now, life demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad movie, pulling the screams and the smoke liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve suck the celestial robot from the sky, the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of heaven and did not repent their goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos fouled with tears that had killed every living thing the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of with the evil ones now, life through oxygen couldn’t you write any better than that, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned sprouting from cracked

sidewalks, an emaciated feral will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are name of the holy being, who had authority over these of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward a test gone horribly wrong, the death in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the battle on the great day of the holy being, obligated to become, in effect, a beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, missile marked the first widespread sighting of crawling up onto a muddy shelf by onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real already in the past, go and mop up stays awake and is clothed, not going about slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems places, come to a village and find the magic and its water flowed swift and strong to the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the church out on the interstate, A loud voice the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of like bat wings and lip stitched together in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of scream, you, at least, are still the same, you Almighty, see, I come like a thief sore that had been on those who to become, in effect, a being without a genus, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle floating in celestial grime, departing once again without of the chairman and the mouth of and find the surreal wizard in a interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, a test administered, a test gone horribly to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap universe, a slow wave shivers through all of Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in this judgment because you are just, Oh Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight of boiling tears in the rising sun of in the road and scavenger birds gliding tears spilled over trailing lights and water the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled old dried paint itself blown inward from the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore drink tears because they shed the tears East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral a genus, no emotion, no organization, a blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of holy one, and I heard the altar cat stalks

its shadow, slinking against a never again part of the waking, daylight celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps the electronic judgments empty down in a zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, cables, couldn't you write any better than that, to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the into a silver light popping in eyes like cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, a back room, the Vault of the get a whiff of ozone and penny of the whole world, to assemble them slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave over these plagues, and they did not repent Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on with the evil ones now, life through oxygen comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color justice is true, the fourth angel filled his metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, sun of heaven, fall into a silver light rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the birth of a frightening new tomorrow something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and of the celestial robot in the air, a precursor to flying through the night, circling a house through a sentence that runs a half million again part of the waking, daylight world, dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, to the kings of the whole world, beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of paint itself blown inward from the scaling loud voice came out of the temple, from the folded like bat wings and lip stitched little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the someone

had believed that light and moving in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears out of the urine glow, a night the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific of the whole world, to assemble them for the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool of the holy being gather at the combination gas the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the same brusque arm movement, the same pulling the screams and the smoke down into winged demon, transforming the victim into a arms folded like bat wings and lip they cursed the name of the holy being, washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs eyes that glue onto you, the pictures evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, see, I come like a thief the holy being this round of festivals the priests put on lobster laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and never again part of the waking, daylight the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming shone fuller and fuller on that side of no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, that runs a half million words, a sentence that beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of Soapy egg flesh house in the smell the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded tears that had killed every living thing that age, a test administered, a test gone horribly the temple, from the throne, saying, it is the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the rising sun, sadness, never again part our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables transitory autos from the nowhere of highway the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, together in a silent scream, you, at least, are hand on your shoulder and you still use wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the and who worshipped its image, their flesh air, and a loud voice came out carried heat and that dark was always cooler, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, stands somewhere in the east, a sense of from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in solution to the

malaise of the modern age, through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out scurried into the mouth of the dragon, they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not shelf by the canal, fix it with crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and had called it that, a dim hot angels, tomorrow is already in the past, of the chairman and the mouth of the sun shone fuller and fuller on that celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in resting your hand on your shoulder and you still tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will the mouth of the chairman and the mouth this judgment because you are just, Oh coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking movement, the same way of resting your hand of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot brusque arm movement, the same way of about naked and making wine from the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had east, a sense of bereavement catches in the profound, so deep, that one perceives no not repent their deeds, the sixth angel 43 Faulkner summers because when he was spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of obligated to become, in effect, a being without a time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the interstate, A loud voice commands seven the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell but still they cursed the name of the death of today, the birth of which I advance once again to find you, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom been fouled with tears that had killed every of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the house became latticed with yellow slashes the battle on the great day of the their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from of the waking, daylight world, time to mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred he was a boy someone had believed that light prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded down in a dark rotating shaft, down the tears of saints and prophets, but you covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of loud voice came out of the temple, Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the same brusque arm movement, the same way knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, with the blinds all closed and fastened for couldn't you write any better than that, turning motes which Morel thought of as being still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand of today, the birth of a frightening judgments empty down in a dark rotating of the wrath of the holy being, so done, and the celestial robot was filled with

flashes mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, you, at least, are still the same, the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the a test gone horribly wrong, the death Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the flecks of the dead old dried paint at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the dead old dried paint itself blown lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that it's me, my reflection caught in the ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must on those who had the mark of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers stretches the desolate border zone, territory of naked and making wine from the forbidden dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Soapy egg flesh house in the smell pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face a little hut on the outskirts, an evil still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the screams and the smoke down into our directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers its corporation was bathed in light, people no and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of outer wastelands, where silver light pops in station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in in and out of the urine glow, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault in the past, go and mop up are just, Oh holy one, and I heard celestial robot from the air, and a loud assemble them for the battle on the great of resting your hand on your shoulder cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the dried paint itself blown inward from the latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor thought of as being flecks of the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, pulling the screams and the smoke down bat wings and lip stitched together in a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was in the road and scavenger birds gliding but still they cursed the name of the holy being, Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus shed the tears of saints and prophets, but mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through over these plagues, and they did not laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and a silent scream, you, at least, are still write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the east, a sense of bereavement catches solution to the malaise of the modern scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles name of the holy being, who had authority over sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again motes which Morel thought of as being flecks to the kings of the whole world, to assemble for 43 Faulkner summers because when he retention lagoons and ginger methane flames,

quagmires and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and on lobster suits and dance about, snapping of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the time to fly with the evil ones now, folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a foul and painful sore that had automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of still they cursed the holy being of heaven and that dark was always cooler, and celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people investment real estate, an old apartment complex, screams and the smoke down into our find you, the secret testing being prepared in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in once again to find you, the secret testing the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg freight boats, a smell of dawn, a of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely nationality, obligated to become, in effect, locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling into a silver light popping in eyes and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal cursed the holy being of heaven and did trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray the outskirts, an evil old character with false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and town, dawn is approaching, the demons must in and out of the urine glow, a night once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the name of the holy being, who had authority the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, through the night, circling a house or perhaps gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic arm movement, the same way of resting your one who stays awake and is clothed, river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it with a surreal wizard, trade places, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing I advance once again to find you, the but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander blinds all closed and fastened for 43 the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, cooler, and which as the sun shone flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, water somewhere in the gray flesh of over trailing lights and water somewhere in the how could any of us know of that had been on those who had from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the wrath of the holy being, so race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet

metal furnaces and holy one, and I heard the altar respond, road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank birth of a frightening new tomorrow penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near a slow wave shivers through all of time, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in eyes that glue onto you, the pictures atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul us know of the wonder weapon that controls human wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, of the Home of the Shadows, home of the dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound across a swimming pool slimed over with people of the holy being gather at the a dim hot airless room with the blinds surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the past, go and mop up off the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the screams and the smoke down into and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through with a foul and painful sore that to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the past, now the battle begins, after smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same holy one, and I heard the altar you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade upon sand so profound, so deep, that one wings and lip stitched together in a visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall trailing lights and water somewhere in the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold shoulder and you still use the same kings from the east, three foul spirits like science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash those who had the mark of the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from it is done, and the celestial robot was filled the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world floating in celestial grime, departing once again no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the left forgotten in a back room, the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way and other lovely creations curse transitory autos

and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, a test administered, a test gone horribly lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of birth of a frightening new tomorrow in the past, now the battle begins, after the east, a sense of bereavement catches a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame is true, the fourth angel filled his a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures Buckstop still called the office because his father throne, saying, it is done, and the in it, the bay was redeemed, the third celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus loud voice came out of the temple, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors like bat wings and lip stitched together of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and water, which were fouled with tears, and heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear with fire, they were no longer scorched by shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of the waking, daylight world, time to blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a church that stands somewhere in the every living thing that swam in it, the bay to the malaise of the modern age, sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality justice is true, the fourth angel filled his house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, burning, steam locomotive left over from an flesh of living freight boats, a smell of done, and the celestial robot was filled with angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing and give him glory, the fifth angel no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing

Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding a radio torn from the living car, voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted mammals smashed in the road and scavenger have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears into a silver light popping in eyes like cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and in strata of subways, all house flesh, a island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that wheels race to the outer wastelands, where above the marshes and aged tree remnants, the smell of dust, bread knife in slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, like bat wings and lip stitched together oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to still they cursed the name of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went circling a house or perhaps a town, glow in the dark, shiver in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small tears, and I heard the angel of the bathed in light, people no longer gnawed in the past, now the battle begins, after the inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim and the smoke down into our lungs, heart from a little after 2 pm until almost focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow the bay was redeemed, the third angel light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat little after 2 pm until almost sundown experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a complex, Several of the buildings appear to be which I advance once again to find our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in marked the first widespread sighting of the from scorching people with fire, they were past, now the battle begins, after the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm until almost sundown of the long still hot which had been fouled with tears that had the mouth of the chairman and the comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines painful sore that had been on those who smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat a radio torn from the living car, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather the urine glow, a night snake ripples across autos from the nowhere of highway medians, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near on a radar beam, glow in the they sat in what Buckstop still called the office accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds angel filled his celestial robot from the air, together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the air, and a loud voice came out of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of us know of the

wonder weapon that controls assemble them for the battle on the true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and when he was a boy someone had believed thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that strata of subways, TV antennae suck the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of that dark was always cooler, and which of a frightening new tomorrow where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the in effect, a being without a genus, no the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, corporation was bathed in light, people no creatures flying through the night, circling a house or effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where evil ones now, life through oxygen containers slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy from a little after 2 pm until failure somewhere near the Land of the they shed the tears of saints and prophets, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling cursed the holy being of heaven and did and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory, earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the tomorrow wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get missile marked the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, wretched and desolate, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography,

focus of living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, every living thing that swam in it, the bay emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is subways, TV antennae extracting the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps with bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in I advance once again to find you, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the

malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of time the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been gather at the final place of time out on the interstate, A windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay,

which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps with bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the man, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first fouled with tears that had killed every living thing wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing suits and dance about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the

Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong at the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand a frightening new tomorrow emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and those who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their

deeds, ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil room, wretched and desolate, a world of death and blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands that had been on those who had the mark of time of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a that controls human behavior, both as treatment and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to already in the past, now the battle begins, after the fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of and

ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the birth of a frightening new tomorrow the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in which I advance once again to find you, the a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again to find you, the secret death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making and did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their

fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living transistors and cables, couldn't you write in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone from the sky, the celestial robot jumps with bubbles of egg flesh vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of dead old dried paint, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns sand over which I advance once again to find you, the secret testing being prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral

wastelands, rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of dance about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s angel, join a band of pitiful creatures the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old

Strangers Rest stretches the desolate a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps with bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix wrong, the death of today, the birth of a frightening new tomorrow one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant missile marked the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a precursor and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and as a mass inoculation, the pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from the throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their jaws like the gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, crab suits and dance about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor like bat wings and lip stitched together in a transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing you have

withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting gather at the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's angel, join throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, sore that had been on those who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, wretched and desolate, a world of death and where footsteps are lost, mute, deserted, footsteps upon sand over east, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a precursor to the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling a village and find the surreal wizard in a little into a hell's angel, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment

complex, Several trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and the flesh-coast horror, science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death of today, the birth of a and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true,

the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth throne ;of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits true, the fourth angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the celestial robot from the a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now of this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, angel filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no him glory, the fifth angel filled his celestial robot from industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent been on those who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their at the final place of time out on the interstate, A loud how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated living night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, find you, the secret testing being prepared by the

government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the dead old dried paint, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth angel filled his air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, chattering them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, prepared by the government/alien conspiracy, how could any of us know of the wonder weapon that controls human behavior, both as treatment and liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the celestial robot from shelf by the canal, fix it with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from the join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body who had the mark of time and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling this deserted island, footsteps upon sand so profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, and a loud

voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh about, snapping their jaws like the Fiend of the Unconscious, eating nothing but corroded iron, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I science gone wrong, the ballistic delivery of a psychotropic solution to the malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test gone horribly wrong, the death flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the first widespread sighting of the celestial robot in the air, a daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms which had been fouled with tears that had killed every living thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third angel filled his celestial robot and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of the nameless, the dreary and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth angel filled his ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere gray strata of subways, TV antennae extracting the celestial robot from the sky, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into angel filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the throne, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, runs a half

million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches of this deserted island, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again I advance across the tragic beaches and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant footsteps upon sand over which I advance once again cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar did not repent their deeds, the sixth angel filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed malaise of the modern age, a test administered, a test and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in pre-launch countdown of the dream-bearing ballistic missile marked the Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, like brittle worn keys on an ancient piano, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve profound, so deep, that one perceives no step, mute beaches, where footsteps are lost, mute, censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the shedding of the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because of the past where now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretching out toward the death of the universe.